LOOKING FORWARD

How much interested are you, as an average American, in the size of your electric bill? In your opinion is it too large? And if it is, what if anything can you do about it? Do you want to do anything about it, which you aren't already able to do? Provided you have an opinion on the matter, how many people do you know who either feel as you do or who mention the subject in casual conversation, as, say prohibition or the business depression are mentioned? In short, is "power" a live and vital issue with the American people as a whole just now, or is it still the concern of only a few in public or private life?

In the replies to these questions it seems to us, lies the immediate answer to what Senator Norris and many like him call the "power issue," about which much talk has been made lately in the public prints in connection with vague accusations against the present Administration but concerning which—with the exception of Governor Roosevelt's campaign addresses last fall—few downright facts have been printed.

In almost every case large questions about such subjects—such as alienation of the public domain, preëmption of water power sites, comparative costs of water power and coal in the production of electricity are beyond the horizon of the average consumer of electricity who knows little about corporations or monopolies or stock issues, but who gets an electric bill every month, and, whether he thinks it a fair bill or not, has perforce to pay it or have his supply arbitrarily cut off. It is the immediate aspect of the subject only in which he is interested.

Likewise, it is this immediate aspect of the subject in which the Outlook at this moment is interested. How much thought do its readers give this matter and what are their views and experiences with their local electric companies? We would like to hear from our subscribers upon the subject, not only for the purpose of enlarging our own views but also with the idea of securing all the information possible upon the situation, as it is looked at by the average person.

Naturally, all such letters will be considered as confidential communications and will not be printed without the express consent of the writer. In writing such letters, not only specific facts, but also information concerning the position and general situation of the writer of the letter, will be genuinely appreciated by the Editors of the Outlook.

Francis Rufus Bellamy.

OUTLOOK and Independent

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Testimonials, F. O. B. By Alva Johnston.
More about big names in advertising, and the tremendous energy of the "testimonial wanglers."

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"WHEN I USE A WORD," HUMPTY DUMPTY SAID IN RATHER A SCORNFUL TONE, "IT MEANS JUST WHAT I CHOOSE IT TO MEAN—NEITHER MORE NOR LESS."

From "Through the Looking Glass"

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OUTLOOK
and Independent
March 25, 1931

Events of the Week

The Prince on the Road

THE gloom of American business men has not been deepened by the South American tour of the prince of Wales. The Prince, to be sure, set out to drum up trade for the British Empire, and, from the start, has been a frank, uncamouflaged and highly popular salesman. The opening of the Empire Trade Fair at Buenos Aires found him in his most businesslike mood, speaking straight from the shoulder, saying, first in English and then in Spanish, that he hoped the exposition would lead to a "revival of industrial prosperity in Great Britain and consequently a diminution in industrial unemployment." In return he promised Argentina that Britain would consume more of her meats and cereals—quite a promise, considering that Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa are trying to sell England these same products.

The Prince has been uttering his hope and his promise all over South America, but American trade agents have heard him without a quiver. Instead of growing anxious over their customers, our agents in Buenos Aires, for instance, seemed to take the fair in holiday mood (having themselves supplied American equipment for the fair grounds) and to assume that Edward Albert's visit would not harm the sale of American goods. Probably they are not living in a fool's paradise. The Prince has done much to advertise British goods and to create new contacts for British agents, but the real British-American struggle will be staged by the goods themselves. There are factors which outweigh princely good-will trips, such as the fact that the United States is offering some commodities which Britain is not. Moreover, in the end South American countries will patronize the firms, British or American, selling the best goods on the easiest terms. It is the depression in South America rather than the salesmanship of the Prince which causes concern in the United States.

Mr. Hoover Goes South

PRESIDENT HOOVER has commandeered a battleship to take him into the Caribbean, that he may rest and at the same time ponder administrative problems regarding Porto Rico and the Virgin Islands. The cruise will offer him a respite from the back-breaking duties of the Presidency. His two years have not been easy ones. He has tossed restlessly from one public question to another, more perplexed than stimulated by the endless prickly problems. He has seen the myth of Republican prosperity explode in his face and the stock market swoon in his arms. He has encountered unnerving setbacks and has looked in vain for support to a Congress controlled by his own party. Every time he has walked a fence he has found it topped with spikes.

Mr. Hoover has had no vacation since he became President, save for a brief fishing trip in Florida, and undoubtedly he needs a rest. That the balmy South may refresh him is the wish of friend and foe alike. Even on his voyage away from tariffs, farm boards, drought, unemployment, grabbing veterans and treasury deficits, however, one problem will pursue him doggedly. Our little brothers in the Caribbean have not found Volsteadism to their liking. The Virgin Islands have been kicking at the traces for years and, no longer ago than March 1, the Porto Rican legislature entertained a petition asking Congress to repeal the Eighteenth Amendment and the national prohibition law. The petition is being presented by members of the Agricultural Association of Porto Rico. One half expects to read that they have presented it to Mr. Hoover and that he has ordered his battleship to fire on them.

Wickersham on His Report

IN HIS foggy March 12 speech before the Boston Chamber of Commerce, George W. Wickersham found it curious that wets should denounce his commission's report on prohibition. What's curious about that? Naturally the drys were pleased and the wets displeased over the fact that, though the body of the report was wet, its actual recommendations were dry. "I should have thought the wets would have derived more encouragement from the report and the separate statements of the commissioners attached to it than the drys," said Mr. Wickersham. That is nonsense and Mr. Wickersham has sense enough to know it. What matters above all else in a report is neither the preliminary paragraphs nor the supplementary statements but the actual recommendations.

"For some mysterious reason," said Mr. Wickersham, "journalistic criticism was directed particularly at the conclusions and recommendations of the commission, as though they were utterly at variance with the report." That again is nonsense and again Mr. Wickersham has sense enough to know it. No one can read the report without noting how sharply the recommendations clash with the rest of it. Would Mr. Wickersham have us believe that interpreters of the report are all out of step but him?

No, Mr. Wickersham can talk and explain from now until Doomsday. He talked and explained five newspaper columns full at Boston. But he is wasting good breath. The public's convictions on the Wickersham report are too simple and sound to be shaken. The public insists—and rightly, we believe—that the predominantly wet Wickersham commission submitted a predominantly dry report out of deference to the dry Mr. Hoover. It insists that, save for political considerations, the commissioners, instead of timidly advancing, would have boldly advocated the revision of the

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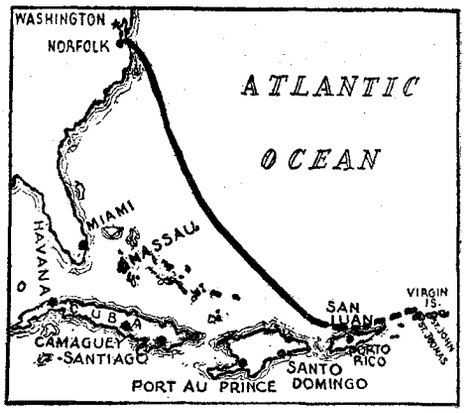


Courtesy of New York Herald Tribune

FOLLOWING THE BLACK LINE
Route of President Hoover's voyage to the Caribbean

Eighteenth Amendment which a majority of them favored and said they favored. It insists that the report was a cross between a keg and a camel, as one cartoonist represented it, and that the commissioners made the camel part dominant in direct conflict with their own convictions.

Mr. Wickersham may sneer at the wets' intolerance. He may ignorantly and ill-temperedly refer to wets who "expected the commission to find a way for them to secure liquor with ease and were enraged when we failed to do so." But he cannot obscure the fact that commissioners wet individually went dry collectively and thereby missed a great opportunity to lead the country out of a serious predicament. Neither can his commission escape going down in history as the prime horrible example of the practice of political pussyfooting.

▶▶*The Joliet Riot*

THERE WAS nothing out of the ordinary in the March 14 prison revolt at Joliet, Illinois. It was obviously cut from the same cloth as the revolts which have occurred during the past two years at Leavenworth, Auburn, Dannemora and Cañon City, Colorado. None of these outbreaks was lacking in some causative factor to which prison officials could attribute discontent and resentment flaming into open rebellion. Instead of one such factor, Joliet offered two—the carefully planned machine-gun fire which had killed three prisoners who had attempted to escape on February 22 and the death a week later of another prisoner in solitary confinement.

Upon that background Warden Hill has explained the mad hour at Joliet, opening with a rush on the guards in the mess hall and ending in the customary fashion with the convicts cowed by tear gas and by shotgun and rifle fire and with one prisoner dead, another dying, two others wounded and a guard with a broken arm. There was the usual wreckage, in the kitchen, the dining hall and the prison shops. There was the usual sulky aftermath. There will be the usual investigation, by a committee of the Illinois legislature.

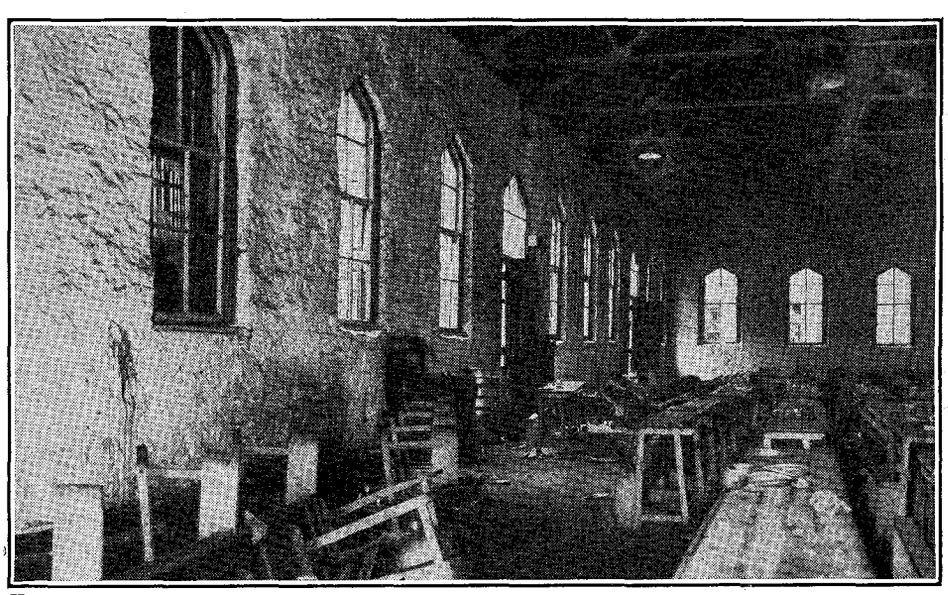
The noteworthy thing is that one other thread also runs through the revolt at Joliet, as it ran through the prison mutinies of 1929 and 1930 and through the tragic fire in the Ohio penitentiary at Columbus last spring. Leavenworth was designed for 2,000 prisoners; it had nearly 4,000 on the day of the revolt. Auburn was found with 500 more than its maximum capacity and Dannemora with 400 more. "Serious overcrowding" was reported at Cañon City. As for Joliet, it houses 1,800 prisoners in quarters designed for 800. In this case, as in the others, the figures speak eloquently for themselves.

▶▶*Progressives Confer*

THE conference held in Washington on March 11 and 12 by self-styled progressive members of the two major parties secured no firm hold on public interest. This may have been partly because it came as an anti-climax to a lively meeting of the Democratic National Committee following a tiresome session of Congress and partly because nowadays the country does not warm up readily to its bone-dry Borahs and Brookharts. What took the edge off more than anything else, however, was the public's realization that the conference was not designed as a springboard for a third party.

Refusing to form a third party, the progressives created talk of a possible alliance with the Democrats but threw away their chance to swing the election in 1932. Most of the Senators and Representatives at the conference were insurgent Republicans, yet they offer but a feeble election-day threat to the regular Republicans and no great hope to the Democrats. Running a third candidate, they might take enough votes away from the regular Republican nominee to insure a Democratic victory, but it is not likely that they could bring their states into the Democratic column in any other way.

Nor is this lost on Governor Roosevelt of New York, who chose to flirt with the progressives casually and from a distance. The progressives invited Mr. Roosevelt to the conference, gave regretful ear to his regretful decision to stay away and heard Senator Norris declare that no support should be accorded Mr. Hoover. But, without organizing a third party, what can the progressives do for Mr. Roosevelt—or any other Democratic candidate—save possibly to win him a few more Corn Belt votes in the next Democratic national convention? If nominated, Mr. Roosevelt would naturally receive the support of the Democratic progressives. As for the Republican progressives, most of them would doubtless support the Republican candidate as usual. The few who would bolt probably would not be able to carry their states along with them. Though Nebraska, for example, loves Senator



Keystone

WHERE IT STARTED
Dining hall of state penitentiary at Joliet, Illinois, after the riot

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Norris wholeheartedly, it did not love him enough to follow him into the Smith camp in 1928.

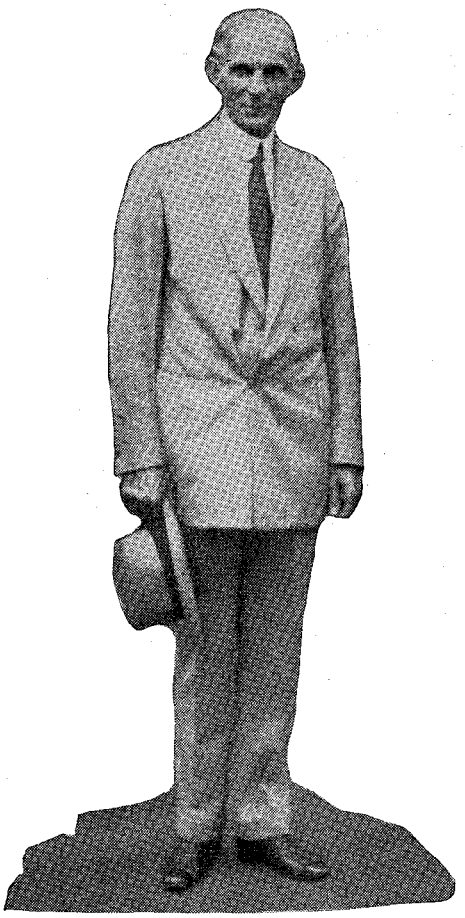
Since Republican and Democratic strength will be evenly divided in both houses of the Seventy-Second Congress, the progressives will hold the balance of power. Tightly organized, they can push through many of the measures they like and defeat most of those they dislike. The importance of their conference therefore lies in its possible effect, not on the presidential election, but on the Congress which meets in December.

▸▸*Their Program*

THE progressive conference must be judged by the program it adopted rather than by the speeches of individual members which for two days converted the Carlton Hotel into a veritable soapbox. The official program cannot be given unreserved praise; neither can it be summarily dismissed. Its strong point is its approach to the problem of unemployment and depression, whereby it strives to get and act in the light of the facts, rather than to hide and play them down in the manner of the present Administration. The progressives appointed a committee to ascertain the extent of unemployment and distress and others to draw up concrete proposals concerning employment agencies, unemployment or reserve funds, the problems involved in planning for stabilized industry, the place of public works in industrial stabilization, the shorter day and week, and the coördination of the relief activities of federal, state and local governments.

Following this impressive start the program rapidly dwindles into bromides, such as "we deprecate government based on hate or fear." Though they strike a commendable note in calling for "scientific revision" of the Smoot-Hawley tariff, the progressives are hardly the group to be given the job, owing to their own interest in skyscraper tariff rates on farm products. Again they demand the abolition of lame-duck sessions of Congress and support a number of other sound proposals of minor importance, but in the same breath they demand government assistance for the unwise and unworkable scheme of marketing America's surplus farm products abroad. Herein, presumably, they endorse the old exploded export-debenture plan. They will, however, work out further measures for the relief of agriculture this summer. Here their program stops.

A group existing solely for the purpose of pushing one or two pet measures would not need to tackle any other problem. But the progressives comprise no such group. They are Senators and Representatives who, said Senator Norris at the outset of the conference, desire to relieve the distress of their fellowmen and do what they can to "place our government, in all its branches, on a higher and more efficient plane of operation." Yet the progressive program avoided all reference to prohibition—the greatest issue before the country—while discussion of the issue was side-stepped and practically proscribed in the conference itself. Such pussyfooting not only goes the regular parties one better but puts the progressives themselves into an absurd position.



Harris & Ewing

TALKS OF THE TIMES

Henry Ford sees plenty of work to do if people would do it

▸▸*Interview, Model 1931*

WHY do the newspapers continue to ask Henry Ford questions on subjects he knows nothing about? Why does Mr. Ford continue to answer questions on subjects he knows nothing about? We cannot say. We merely know that the press does continue to ask such questions and that Mr. Ford does continue to answer them, becoming as famous for his mass-production of interviews as for his mass-production of automobiles.

Down in Fort Myers, Florida, the other day Mr. Ford produced several new thoughts and refurbished some old ones. Prohibition is a success. There's no use going into the Raskob plan for state liquor regulation, because the Volstead act went through Congress and must be enforced. The thing for the government to do is to enforce it, instead of attempting to operate power plants. The average man won't really do a day's work unless he is caught and cannot get out of it. Dishonesty caused the so-called depression. "People inflate stocks—that's dishonest. People buy inflated stocks with the hope of getting rich at the expense of some one else. That's also dishonest." The Ford factories, employing more than 80,000 men, have had no wage cuts. As for lay-offs—well, evidently none of the interviewers mentioned lay-offs.

Neither, apparently, did any of them mention the address by Mayor Murphy at the recent conference of progressives in Washington. Mr. Ford told interviewers that there is plenty of work to do if people would do it. Moreover, a dollar will now buy from fifty to seventy-five per cent more than before the market crash. "These really are good times, but only a few know it," he said. But Mayor Murphy of Mr. Ford's own Detroit might not agree with him. Mr. Murphy told of the herculean relief measures necessary to provide for the 150,000 unemployed in and around Detroit. First Detroit registered the unemployed, finding 96,000 in one week, 12,000 in need of immediate help. Then it established an employment bureau which obtained jobs for 25,000 persons. Families with seven or more children were helped first, then those with six children, and so on. At a cost of $2,000,000 a month—borne by 300,000 taxpayers—Detroit has given 125,000 people clothes. It has supplied more than 2,000,000 free meals and more than 350,000 beds for the night. We dare say that Detroit's taxpayers and its destitute are not among Mr. Ford's few who realize that times are really good.

▸▸*The New Naval Accord*

THE new Franco-Italian naval accord fails to fulfill expectations. Reports sent to this country before the terms of the accord were made public had indicated

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that France and Italy would become parties to the naval treaty signed at London on April 22, 1930; that they had reached an agreement which would last until the London treaty expires on December 31, 1936, and that because of this agreement Britain would not resort to the escalator clause, permitting her —and hence Japan and the United States—to build more fighting ships whenever France or Italy does.

These reports are not borne out. France and Italy are not expected to become parties to the London treaty, but, together possibly with Britain, to sign a separate supplementary treaty. Nor have they certainly settled their differences for the next six years. Their agreement is apparently dependent upon, and intended to prepare for, the general conference on land, sea and air armaments scheduled to be held at Geneva early in 1932. Finally, it is by no means sure that Britain will not resort to the escalator clause. In fact, she indicates that she will resort to it to build more destroyers unless France agrees next year to scrap some of her submarines.

The principal features of the accord are these: Italy, despite her best efforts, fails to secure parity with France. To offset Germany's new pocket battleships, France and Italy, before December 31, 1936, are permitted to build two battleships of 23,300 tons each, though, so doing, they will exceed by 6,000 tons the 175,000-ton limit fixed for their battleships in the Washington conference in 1922. Again, both nations may complete 34,000 tons of aircraft carriers apiece. After completing its 1930 programs, neither country, before 1937, will construct any more large cruisers bearing guns of a calibre of more than 6.1 inches, but both may replace smaller cruisers and destroyers which become over-age during this period. Both may also replace their over-age submarines and complete their 1930 submarine programs. Hence France will have 81,989 tons of submarines—a figure too large for Britain's comfort.

The chief merit of the accord is that it prevents Franco-Italian competition in sea armaments, though not of course in land and air armaments, until the general conference of 1932. It may best be regarded as a stop-gap which may either be perfected or shattered by that conference. It would be pleasant to add that the prospects for the general conference are bright. Unfortunately they are not.

▶▶*Last of the Wendels*

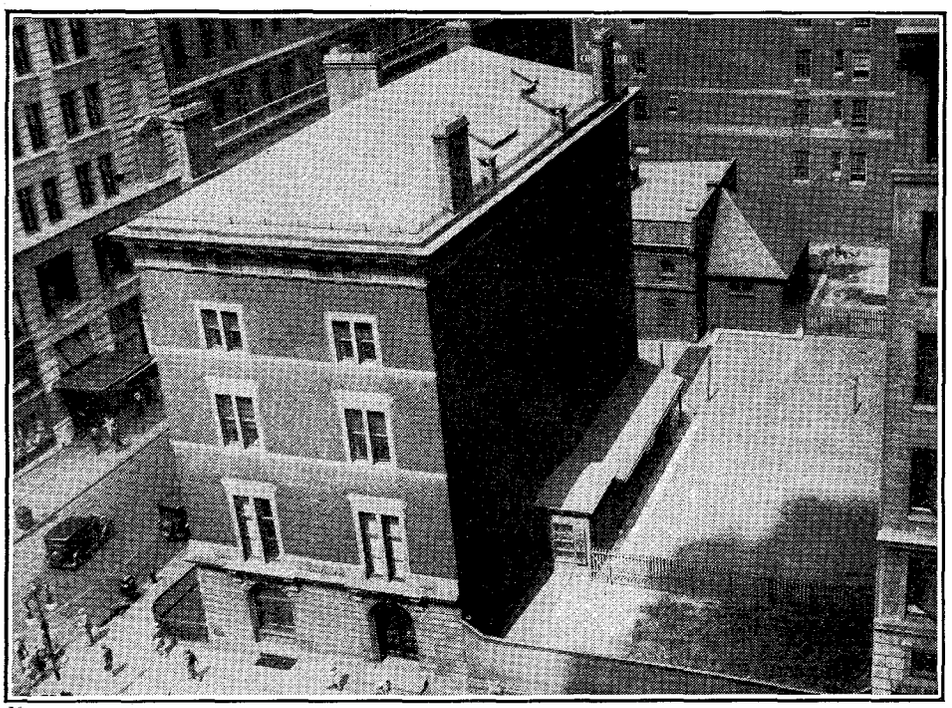
NEW YORK'S "Mystery House," the Wendel mansion at the corner of Thirty-Ninth Street and Fifth Avenue, has become news again. Miss Ella, last of the Wendels, is dead at the age of eighty. The $100,000,000 fortune in real estate, which John Wendel made recluses of himself and his six sisters to keep intact, will be divided among churches, charities, hospitals and schools.

In this house and in two country houses, John Wendel kept his sisters virtually prisoners for half a century. One defied him and married at the age of fifty. Another tried to defy him but was committed to a sanatorium. When John died in 1915, the three spinster sisters who survived him were too old to make overtures to life. The Wendel legends have often been repeated. We repeat them once more, with a new one, because their like will not be heard again.

The best-known legend is about the yard. Several years before his death, John was offered $800,000 for this vacant strip to the north of the house but refused, saying that his sister must have a place for her dog Tobey to run. The real reason, of course, was the injunction, laid down by the first John Wendel, on which the family fortune was founded —"Never sell property." The other legends are about the sisters themselves. How they lived in strict frugality and mutual dislike in the gloomy house which had no electricity, no telephone, no modern innovations. How they made their own clothes, in the fashions of the 1860's, and wore them threadbare.

Miss Augusta and Miss Mary died before their brother. Miss Josephine spent her late years at one of the country homes, having her meals served in courses and changing her place at every course to make believe she had company. Then Miss Georgianna and Miss Ella remained, marvelling at the daring of their married sister, Mrs. Rebecca Wendel Swope, who sometimes went to the opera or downtown on business errands. Miss Georgianna died in 1929, Mrs. Swope in 1930. Miss Ella tiptoed alone through the big shuttered house on Fifth Avenue. Tobey, the last of many French poodles with that name, slept in a special brass bed beside her four-poster and ate from a special table beside hers. Every night Miss Ella had the servants turn back her sisters' beds and lay out their night robes. Or so the legends go. The last one—indignantly denied—is that less than a month ago Miss Ella visited a Broadway night club and stayed until two o'clock.

Standing incongruously among towering buildings, the Wendel house is now the only private residence on Fifth Avenue below Forty-Second Street. When it goes, the last vestige of the Fifth Avenue of New York's Age of Innocence will go with it.



Keystone

HOUSE OF THE SEVEN WENDELS

At the corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-Ninth Street, New York City

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▶▶One For the Weak Side

On Sunday, March 8, three young men living in Hartford County, Connecticut, decided to rob a bank. So they did. They spent the night in the Berlin Savings Bank, confronted the cashier as he came to work next morning, forced him to open the vault and escaped with $13,000 in a high-powered car. An alarm was promptly sent out, a few hours later the young men—their ages range from 20 to 22—were found and thirty hours after their hold-up they had been tried, convicted and sentenced to stiff prison terms which they had begun to serve.

The case attracts attention outside Connecticut chiefly because of the distress it caused Will Hays, Hollywood's great prop and pillar of morals and manners. The youths went to the movies before setting out to rob the bank and have been quoted as saying that movies led them astray. The state's attorney prosecuting the case made much of the harmful influence of motion pictures dealing with ultra-modern racketeers and machine-gun gangdom.

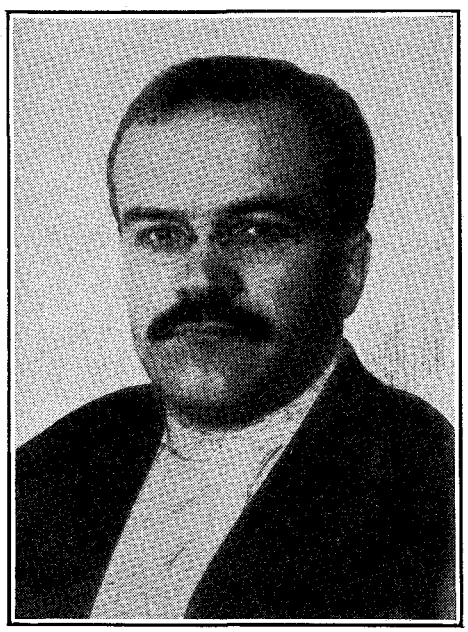
For our part, we doubt that crime movies influence many people to commit crimes. We suspect that if the few who are harmfully influenced by the movies were not to attend them they would be harmfully influenced by something else. But we agree that the case deserves attention. It deserves attention because in it justice was speedy and sure, as justice in America usually is not and as it must be if it is to be effective. Hartford County might almost rejoice in this crime which landed its perpetrators in prison within thirty hours. It will undoubtedly have a strong deterrent influence on other potential young criminals in that region. If half our serious crimes—or a tenth of them—ended as the Connecticut case ended, with justice done so swiftly, the country would have no crime problem worthy of the name.

▶▶Russia Looks Elsewhere

In 1930 Russia bought 140 million dollars' worth of goods in the United States. She bought them here because they could be had here cheaply and on comparatively liberal credit. During the same period she sold us goods worth 18 million dollars—transactions which obviously helped her to pay for some of her purchases in America.

On February 10, 1931, our Treasury Department slapped the face of this 140-million-dollar customer with a sharp embargo. Unless an American importer can prove that his shipments were not touched by convict hands, entry will be refused all lumber and pulpwood produced in northern Russia and all articles manufactured therefrom in any part of that country. It is feared that, because it will be difficult for the importer to establish proof of free labor while thousands of miles from the source of his supply, the effect of the Treasury's move will be to bar all importation of lumber and pulpwood from northern Russia.

It was inevitable that Russia would resent this attempt to stop her from selling her goods to the United States.



International

SPEAKS TO AMERICA
Premier Molotoff of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics

It was inevitable that she would declare that the extent of her sales to America would determine the extent of her purchases from America. That was the essence of the warning issued on March 8 by Premier Molotoff as he opened the All-Union Soviet Congress—the body which elects Russia's Parliament. Four days later the Congress instructed the Soviet Government to "take measures restricting imports from countries barring our exports."

While the Congress was in session at Moscow, the Russian Supreme Economic Council was tempting a trade delegation from Germany with the business to be had if German firms would supply the kind of credit given by firms in America. The fact emphasizes the foolhardiness of our embargo and the flaw in the familiar argument that our trade with Russia should be stopped because Russia is using American goods to establish herself eventually as our competitor for world trade. To be sure she is using American goods for that purpose. But, since she will certainly get the goods somewhere, it is to our interest to see that she gets them here. Our embargoes will not block her advance toward industrial maturity. They will merely persuade a $140,000,000 customer to forget America and do her buying in another shop.

▶▶Roosevelt and the Tiger

In our last issue we noted that the graft and corruption under investigation in New York City had been dramatized by the shocking murder of Vivian Gordon and the resulting suicide of her sixteen-year-old daughter. Consequently, public interest in the effort to clean up the city had flamed so high that the City Club had asked Governor Roosevelt to remove District Attorney Crain on the grounds of incompetency, failure to enforce the criminal law and misfeasance in office. The Governor ordered an investigation of the charges by Samuel Seabury, who has been directing the Supreme Court's inquiry into Tammany-controlled magistrates' courts.

Since then the widespread demand that Governor Roosevelt order an investigation not only of District Attorney Crain but of Mayor Walker and the entire Tammany administration has given the situation national dimensions. Governor Roosevelt, who, though not a member of Tammany, has of recent years had close connections with it, is now leading the field in the race for the Democratic nomination for President. Tammany is both a help and a hindrance to him—a help because of what it can do for him in the national convention and later at the New York polls, a hindrance because any association with the Hall may injure him in the South and West where Tammany is anathema. Hence, for Mr. Roosevelt to be nominated, not to say elected, it has appeared necessary for him to push himself far enough away from Tammany to endear himself to southerners and westerners but not far enough to lose the support of the boys on Seventeenth Street.

Mr. Roosevelt's prompt authorization of the Crain inquiry has separated him from Tammany somewhat. Yet, though the flourish is admired in the South and West, Tammany probably is not acutely distressed, though it may be displeased, at the thought of losing Crain. But for Mr. Roosevelt to investigate Mayor

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Walker—that would be a horse of another color. Ordering such an inquiry, the Governor might acquire a halo in the eyes of the country at large but would not Tammany reach under the halo and scalp him? The question is interesting but of less immediate importance than the further question of whether New York citizens can force Governor Roosevelt to order the Walker investigation whether he wants to or not. At this writing the Governor appears to be on the brink of a real fight with Tammany. To conclude that he will be forced over, however, is to ignore the fact that Mr. Roosevelt is a politician who fences deftly in slippery places.

▶▶*Smith on Direct Primary*

Former-Governor Smith struck sparks by coming out for the old-time convention and against the direct primary in one of his recent syndicated newspaper columns. A step backward, said Senator La Follette. Undemocratic, said Senator Capper. "The primary system may not give us always as intellectual or complacent personalities as the convention system," said Senator Walsh of Massachusetts, "but in my opinion it gives the people freer public servants." Senator Caraway held that "No one who is familiar with the old system and has faith in the people desires to return to a system where wealth could name its candidates and special interests control them."

Together the four Senators pile most of the available objections on Governor Smith's proposal and yet definitely fail to smother it. It keeps bobbing up again, owing to the plain fact that the direct primary has proved a disappointment. Coming from Governor Smith, the proposal has double weight and force, since his interest lies primarily with the masses of the people and he would be much inclined to favor any measure to increase their privileges and power. Indeed, he himself once believed that the direct nominating system gave the rank and file of a party a stronger hold on their party machinery than the convention system and that its fundamental idea was sound. He has since been disillusioned.

Ordinary citizens, he finds, do not become serious politically until a month or so before elections, long after the candidates for whom they must vote have been nominated in direct primaries. Direct primaries assume that party members take sufficient interest to vote in them, but with the average citizen actually apathetic the nominations, and therefore the nominees, are often controlled by small, active minorities. These may be captained by political leaders, who, says Governor Smith, work just as effectively in direct primaries as in conventions, and without accepting responsibility for the candidates. The direct nominating system, he adds, "has produced for public office men who are palpably unfit and incompetent and could not receive recognition in a convention which would definitely place responsibility upon the leaders of their party for putting their names on the ticket." It will not do to smile these arguments aside. Governor Smith bases them on long and intimate experience with practical politics.

Courtesy of Gimbel Brothers

FOR THE MODERN MISS

The Pantalette Dress, with ruffles on taffeta skirt and net unmentionables

▶▶*Pantalettes*

We supposed it was another of those Civil War talkies when we came upon a full-length newspaper advertisement showing a Garbo-like lady with a ringlet on her forehead, a ruffled capelet on her shoulders and one hand holding up a voluminous skirt to reveal eight or ten inches of ruffled pantalette. Then we looked more closely. This was no talkie. The dress was for sale. It could be had, we read "in Misses' sizes . . in party colors . . pale blue taffeta, or white, with pink net pantalettes . . At a price to suit the modern mood."

So, we reflected, the return of femininity, predicted for the last two years, is at last actually upon us. Quickly adjusting our mind to the thought of women blowing clouds of cigarette smoke around their ringlets and grumbling when cocktails were spilled on their capelets, we found we rather liked the idea. A pantaletted ankle climbing into a rumble-seat or swinging from a drug-store stool—bit piquant.

Then we began to think of wordlets—of wordlets like pantalette and capelet. Of sleevelet, socklet, armlet and flowerlet and the rest which are sure to follow. The modern woman is emancipated, we thought. She makes speeches. Yet she can talk of capelets. She can discuss the Hawley-Smoot bill and the political situation in the second ward while shopping for pantalettes. She can not only adopt her great-grandmother's garments but refer to them with her great-grandmother's sentimental diminutives without thought of incongruity. Well, she has taught us something; perhaps you've known it all along. It is that femininity has not returned. It has never been away.

▶▶*Remarkable Indeed*

The results of the Remarkable Remarks competition, advertised in the February 25 issue of the Outlook, have been not a little surprising. Perhaps to forget the depression while adding to the gaiety of life, Outlook readers have responded in such number and their contributions have been of such excellence that it has been necessary to award honorable mention and special prizes to those contributors whose submitted Remarks, while not winning one of the regular weekly prizes, have been judged worthy of inclusion in the column. Although the competition was advertised but once and has been open for three weeks only, the original prize winners being announced in the issue of March 11, contributions are being received from all parts of the country and at the rate of more than a hundred a day. Such a

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response is more than gratifying. It demonstrates an interest in this department which we had long suspected, but had been unable to evaluate. It also demonstrates, to our delight, that OUTLOOK readers have sharp eyes and even sharper wits. To edit a magazine for such an audience puts a staff on its mettle.

The editors regret that they are unable to enter into correspondence with the many contributors of Remarkable Remarks, but wish to take this opportunity of thanking them collectively. The competition, the rules of which appear in the adjoining column, will continue indefinitely. Remember! Homer still Nods—$5 if you catch him.

▶▶*Our Wet Dry Congress*

How do members of Congress really feel about prohibition? William H. Crawford, who recently determined to find out, reports his discoveries in the *Cosmopolitan* magazine for April. Mr. Crawford questioned 200 members reelected last November, 42 Senators and 158 Representatives from thirty-seven states—the first hundred Democrats and the first hundred Republicans he could buttonhole.

They voted as follows: 61 to continue the present prohibition laws, 69 for repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, 70 for modification of the Volstead Act. Forced to the central issue, 80 voted for strict enforcement and 120 for repeal. Yet of the 120 for repeal in their hearts, only 43 are openly wet. As Mr. Crawford writes, "two-thirds of the Wet Thinkers are so afraid of their back-home constituencies, and of what the great prohibition lobbies—the Anti-Saloon League and others—will do to them, that they vote against their true beliefs."

What this poll shows, then, is that most members of Congress are really wet, though they are still afraid to say so. However, recent wet victories and the obvious anti-prohibition drift of public sentiment are giving them courage. Though only 43 of the 200 legislators are openly wet, 64 have already determined to vote for repeal—136 will vote against it—and 96 to vote for modification of the Volstead act—104 will vote against it—when the question comes up. No fewer than 127 of the 200 believe that the Eighteenth Amendment will receive its death blow within the next ten years. Finally, the consensus of the 200 is that President Hoover, seeking reelection in 1932 as a dry, would be defeated by a wet Protestant Democrat, that Senator Morrow running as a wet would defeat any Democrat, whether Protestant or Catholic, and that "no dry on either ticket could be elected over a Protestant wet."

Needless to say, Mr. Crawford's poll is decidedly encouraging to the wets, since it shows that most Congressmen, being in a position to know, believe that the Eighteenth Amendment should be and will be abandoned. The poll also shows how necessary it is for the wet to

Remarkable Remarks

Recently The Outlook announced that it would offer prizes for the best Remarkable Remarks sent in by Outlook readers—$5 for the one judged best, and prizes of $2 each for the next seven chosen for inclusion in the column. Beginning with this issue prizes of $1 each will be given to as many additional Remarkable Remarks as are judged worthy of honorable mention. The best Remarkable Remarks in this regular weekly competition appear below, with the names of the Outlook readers who contributed them. In case two or more readers contribute the same Remarkable Remarks the prize will be awarded to the reader whose contribution is first received. All contributions should be sent to the Remarkable Remarks Editor and should be accompanied by clipped evidence of the source and author.

In both houses of Congress are . . . men giving their time and spending their money from a sense of public duty. —CALVIN COOLIDGE.

Frank H. Ward, 402 Feick Bldg., Sandusky, O., winner of first prize, $5.

These really are good times, but only a few know it. There's plenty of work to do if people would do it.—HENRY FORD.

Dana H. Kennison, 24 Lake Street, Cambridge, Mass., $2 prize.

In operating a business the last $10,000,000 of profit is the hardest to earn.—CHARLES M. SCHWAB.

Henry C. Chiles, Lexington, Mo., $2 prize.

Politics is responsible for the shape I'm in. All I'm interested in now is my health.—MAYOR JAMES J. WALKER.

Rev. Bayard H. Goodwin, Amityville, N. Y., $2 prize.

On numerous election days I stayed in bed and didn't give a damn. Some of you were in the bed with me—I mean, spiritually speaking.—HEYWOOD BROUN.

Albert G. Miller, 111 N. Walnut St., East Orange, N. J., $2 prize.

I know it will be a good thing for us if we lose three or four games this year. —KNUTE ROCKNE.

Thomas Parkinson, 903 Winchester, Roseburg, Ore., $2 prize.

Love doesn't have a fair chance in Hollywood. I don't know whether Jack [John Gilbert] was a good husband or not; he hadn't time to be a married man. —INA CLAIRE.

Mrs. Olive M. Hagar, 5540 Pershing Ave., St. Louis, Mo., $2 prize.

The full, free unconscious utterance of the broad *ah* sound of *a* is the surest indication, in speech, of social culture which began at the cradle.—RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

F. A. Preller, Hobart College, Geneva, N. Y., $2 prize.

By July 15 the effort of this bureau to enforce prohibition should be well under way.—PROHIBITION COMMISSIONER AMOS W. W. WOODCOCK.

Arthur Skilling, 320 Pennsylvania Blvd., Pittsburgh, Pa., additional $1 prize.

If I thought it would do any good, I would advocate a law requiring W. C. T. U. women to look happier.—CAPTAIN WILLIAM H. STAYTON.

Pauline Smith, 625 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O., additional $1 prize.

I have definitely decided to engage in no more fights. The old urge for battle is gone.—JACK DEMPSEY.

S. R. Robison, Jr., P. O. Box 135, Sylvester, Ga., additional $1 prize.

A gigolo gives full value for the money he receives.—FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN.

Lloyd Lehrbas, National Press Club, Washington, D. C., additional $1 prize.

There is no such thing as "love at first sight," but there is in men the urge to make infinitely desirable what is immediately desirable and so it comes to the same thing.—MICHAEL ARLEN.

Mary Hayes Tobin, 8246 Ellis Ave., Chicago, Ill., additional $1 prize.

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vote wet; how necessary it is to influence public sentiment against prohibition by showing its folly and futility, and, finally, how necessary it is to organize militant wet minorities to offset dry minorities which are frightening Congressmen out of their natural desire to vote in harmony with their own convictions.

▶▶*In Brief*

COMMISSIONER WOODCOCK plans to send ninety new prohibition agents to New York by July 15, probably on the assumption that some of New York's 30,000 speakeasy owners will take fright and shut up their places on Sunday. . . . In case you've been perplexed about it, perhaps it should be explained that Mr. Hoover's real purpose in visiting the West Indies in a battleship is to make a broad, cordial gesture of goodwill toward Latin-America. . . . The highlight of the present theatrical season in Washington has been the appearance of the western prohibitionist in the rôle of the stalwart liberal. . . . . "In Florida," says the esteemed Associated Press, "it isn't customary for anyone to have a picture taken while wearing an overcoat." Now what do you suppose could be the purpose of that? . . . . Officials of the D. A. R. will not permit Sinclair Lewis to lecture in Constitution Hall at Washington. Perhaps if our forefathers had known what embarrassment they would cause these ladies, they wouldn't have put anything in their Constitution about freedom of speech. . . . . Mr. Wickersham says that many critics of his commission's report have failed to read it, but we suppose this is just another case of the wish being father to the thought.

Politics and Lewis Carroll

An Editorial

OSCAR WILDE many years ago, in one of his gayest moments, contended that literature does not copy life, but instead molds it to its own purpose. Thus the 19th century resulted from Balzac; Robespierre came from the pages of Rousseau; and boy burglars are the product of the dime novels. Any consideration of the theory nowadays would do well to observe the influence of Alice in Wonderland on our present political life.

What better for instance explains the nonsense arguments which now fill the political air? What explanation makes more reasonable Mr. Wickersham's solemn Humpty Dumpty discussions of his absurd report? What better cause can there be for the way in which Tweedle Dum Republicans and Tweedle Dee Democrats search so eagerly for little white rattles to fight about, while the Big Black Crow of prohibition threatens to spoil the fun? Consider further, the spectacle of Mr. Mock Turtle Borah dancing solemnly on the Progressive sands with Gryphon Norris (he hasn't got no sorrow you know, said the Gryphon). Consider Mr. Walrus Hoover and Dr. Carpenter McBride, searching out the 1928 Republican wets of largest size, holding their pocket handkerchiefs to their streaming eyes. "I like the Walrus best," said Alice "for he was a little sorry for the poor Oysters." "He ate more than the Carpenter though," said Tweedle Dee. "You see he held his handkerchief in front so that the Carpenter couldn't count how many he took." "That was mean," Alice said indignantly. "Then I like the Carpenter best—he didn't eat so many as the Walrus." "But he ate as many as he could get," Tweedledum pointed out.

And what are the politicans saying?

"The American people are already suffering from over-production of politics," says James Francis Burke, not ironically, as he issues under the imprint of the National Republican Committee another broadside of praise for Mr. Herbert Hoover. Let Republicans forget principle and fight shoulder to shoulder in silence. But, "the time has come," says Dr. Fess of Ohio "to speak of many things"—no, we are wrong. "The time has come when we must let the country know fully about the quiet, constructive work that has gone on under the leadership of President Hoover." Thus Dr. Fess, approving of Mr. Hoover's speech-making tour through the middle eastern states, wherein he will tell us all about the great quiet work which the newspaper men have so far contrived to hide from the world.

"Let's fight till six and then have dinner," says Tweedle Dum Republican.

"Mr. Raskob need not think he can buy the American nation," says Tweedle Dee Democrat, angrily.

"Mr. Roosevelt has two outstanding qualifications," says Senator Hatter Dill of Washington. "He is a winner and he would make a good President."

Only there will be four nominees for the Presidency in 1932, remarks "Jim Ham" Lewis of Illinois—Republican, Progressive, Democrat, Prohibitionist. "Absurd," says Dr. Clarence True Wilson, speaking from his knowledge of the great dry heart of the West. Both parties will have dry candidates for President. "Not enough," says the Kansas sage, Bill White: "There will be five or six parties." "Anyhow," warns Senator Wheeler solemnly, "the Progressives will not support a reactionary Democrat, and it is the Progressives who can swing the Northwest."

It is all pure Alice In Wonderland, we say. The political campaign of 1932 is merely starting a full year in advance, and the preliminary noise is an indication of how restless the politicians are. Right now, the job for the Democrats is to convert all the laggards to a liberal wet platform with economic draperies, so as to enter the fight with aggressive forces behind a Protestant wet. Right now, the job of the Republicans is to bury all conflicting principles and sell the farmers another gold brick so as to fight behind a Mr. Hoover as well rejuvenated as possible. Eventually the tactics of the Democrats, as disclosed by Mr. Raskob, will be to stress prohibition. Eventually the tactics of the Republicans, as stated by the party leaders, will be to dodge prohibition.

On the Democratic side, if common sense has its way, Mr. Smith will not run again, lest he revive the 1928 campaign of bigotry, slander and Tammany prejudice, and thus throw away the party's chance. Instead, he will use his influence to see that a liberal wet like Governor Ritchie or Governor Roosevelt is nominated and carries the eastern states, particularly New York. Meanwhile, on the Republican side, we shall see a determined effort to resell Mr. Hoover to the country in preparation for the campaign of '32. For there will be no other Republican candidate. And if Mr. Wickersham is any example, there will be no need for any. Mr. Hoover will be wet and dry and damp and moist, and the only hope of wets, drys, damps and moists everywhere. Friend of prohibition and hope of temperance, leader of liberalism and champion of progress, all wets will be urged to vote for him because privately, they will be assured, he has huge engineering plans

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in his desk, which will satisfy everybody much sooner than any one thinks, on every subject which may come up during the campaign.

Already, indeed, the question arises how much punishment can a wet Republican take before he bolts his party? At what point do the Dr. Nicholas Murray Butlers vote the Democratic ticket? In the answer, very possibly, lies the outcome of the election.

THE EDITORS.

Backstage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

PRESIDENT HOOVER, we note, is now in competition with the Prince of Wales. The trip to Porto Rico and the Virgin Islands, we understand, is another of those good-will ventures to a section of the world where our post-war supremacy in trade is beginning to lag. By his appearance in Caribbean regions, and possibly by professions of friendship for our Latin-American neighbors, Mr. Hoover will again endeavor to convince them that, though we raise tariff walls to keep out their products from American markets, we love them as brothers—and business customers. We only hope, for the sake of Mr. Hoover and the other victims of the depression, that this pilgrimage may have happier results than the one he took through South America before he entered the White House.

Though it would be quite unfair to associate subsequent developments with the Hoover visit, the Capital recalls every so often that revolutions and uprisings popped like firecrackers soon after our President passed through. Ever since, Mr. Stimson's policies, almost as if by design, have been of a sort to lose us both friends and prestige below the Canal. Our Secretary of State, we noted, selected most unfortunate moments for extending or refusing recognition to the community governments to the south of us. Did he proclaim a refusal to recognize revolutionists storming the Capital of a certain Republic, the army outside the walls soon took the place, ousted the Stimsonian President and established the government. Did our Secretary indicate that he looked with favor on the insurgents, their movement immediately collapsed.

Now, it is manifestly difficult to frame any foreign policy which will fit all occasions and outbreaks in such a turbulent portion of the hemisphere as South America. We would not suggest that Mr. Stimson has no policy, or that he has a bad one. Any indictment drawn against the Administration's handling of Central and South American problems must direct itself to those very routine and day-by-day details which come under the general head of what the President used to refer to as "efficiency."

Mr. Stimson, we happen to know, had no detailed or correct information concerning conditions in South America, any more than he has anent present and future developments in Russia or the Orient. We have our suspicions as to the reason for such ignorance, holding it due to a fear of faneies and a refusal to face the facts, but, whatever the cause, the central question is that our foreign policy is about as stable as a whirling top, and our Secretary of State as sure of himself as a backward boy. He is, we regret to say—for he is a likeable fellow—the least capable member of a Cabinet not known for strength or ability. Like the other statesman suggested to Mr. Hoover by the Honorable Elihu Root—George W. Wickersham—Mr. Stimson has let "the Chief" down hard on several occasions.

So, on his present tour of America's front yard, Mr. Hoover seeks to make up for a bad start. We are informed that statistics carefully collected and analyzed for the President by former colleagues in the Department of Commerce picture Mr. Stimson as a poor patron of American manufacturers seeking markets in the countries now giving royal welcome to the heir to the British crown and his brother.

In view of a recent incident throwing some light on Mr. Stimson's handling of our Nicaraguan problem, we cannot blame our Latin neighbors if they entertain some suspicion of the frankness and definiteness of our policies. The Secretary of State, we understand, requested a special hearing by the House Appropriations Committee, also insisting that the nature of his business required that he be heard behind locked doors. Then, in whispered tones, he begged them to consider his statement as most confidential inasmuch as it affected issues of great moment. Of course, he has adopted the same attitude on several appearances before Congressional committees, but his hearers on the Appropriations Committee were not aware of the Administration's fondness for detective stories and White House sleuths.

Mr. Stimson, we are told, implored the committee not to insist upon eliminating from the Appropriation Bill the funds for maintenance of Marines in Nicaragua. The hard-boiled fighters, he explained, must be kept there if only to furnish protection to 100 American officers now engaged in training and establishing a native constabulary. Were their 1,000 Marine guards withdrawn, Mr. Stimson said, there was no telling what might happen to the 100 officers. Indeed, the sincerity of the Secretary of State made a deep impression upon the committee, even though it raised some doubt in their minds concerning the success of their witness's policies in furthering friendly ties between the Nicaraguan people and Uncle Sam.

Subsequent events completely mystified both Republican and Democratic committeemen. For Mr. Stimson, upon hearing that a certain representative intended to blurt this story into the public prints, immediately announced that the Administration was planning to withdraw the Marines in the near future. Mr. Stimson issued this proclamation, we

New York Evening Post

Spring training, too, maybe

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understand, just in time to anticipate the announcement by his Congressional critic. So the Marines will come out, if the Secretary of State is sincere, and the 100 officers—well, we make no prediction, not possessing the Secretary's foresight or statesmanship. Perhaps President Hoover will fix up that little matter, too.

A. F. C.

The Week in Business

▶▶*The Robot Grocery*

ENTER a new form of competition for the independent grocer—the automatic food store. The first of these has been opened in Forty-fourth Street, New York City, and the number will be increased as soon as possible to 150 or more.

The plan of operation is similar to that of the Automat restaurants. The first store carries 31 items, including goods packed in cans, glass, cartons and paper bags or wrappings. The foods stocked are chiefly staples—coffee, sugar, canned fruits and vegetables, ginger ale, butter, eggs, bread, cheese and packaged meats.

Entering the store, the customer finds a battery of cases and a long electric refrigerator. In these are visible, behind glass, the packages which will be delivered on purchase. If he wishes to buy, the customer inserts in the proper slot the sum indicated, turns a knob and waits a few seconds until the package appears at the delivery opening.

If the price is in odd cents, the customer finds the change in pennies in an envelope attached to the package. During the daytime change may be obtained from the girl who has charge of the store and keeps the various units filled with goods. At night the store (located on the first floor of an apartment house) has the street door closed but is accessible from the apartment house lobby.

Here is cash-and-carry reduced to its simplest terms, and stiff competition for the independent grocer. He has learned a lot about fighting the chains, and now it is up to him to discover the weak point (if there is one) in the armor of the robot.

▶▶*Business Don'ts*

THAT our present economic discomfiture is due in large measure to our American habit of overshooting the mark was the text of a particularly vigorous business sermon by Magnus W. Alexander, consulting engineer for the General Electric Company and President of the National Industrial Conference Board since its organization in 1916.

Speaking before the Economic Club in New York, Mr. Alexander offered a rapid-fire series of "don'ts" which deserve more than casual attention. Don't overspeculate; don't overproduce; don't overexpand capital investment; don't overspend; don't oversave; don't permit economic thinking to assume the aspect of rigid dogma; and don't ignore the law of reason in economic activities.

In dealing with overproduction, Mr. Alexander stressed the attempts producers are making to curb speculation in primary materials, and the fact that their endeavors in this direction are checked by the prohibitions of our anti-trust laws. These laws, he said, should be changed in order to allow reasonable combination and control where economic conditions seem clearly to demand them in the public interest.

This point of view is gaining ground every day. Economists, business executives and even some politicians now realize that a revision of the Sherman-Clayton acts would be a wholesome thing for business, and it is not at all improbable that the needed legislation will be achieved during the next Congress.

INDICES

(A two-minute summary)

Commodity Prices (Fisher's Index—1926=100) March 12—76.0. (Crump's British Index—1926=100) March 12—66.8.

Car Loadings (American Railway Assn.) Five-day period ended February 28—682,000 cars (reduction of 31,938 under preceding week and of 217,498 under same week of 1930).

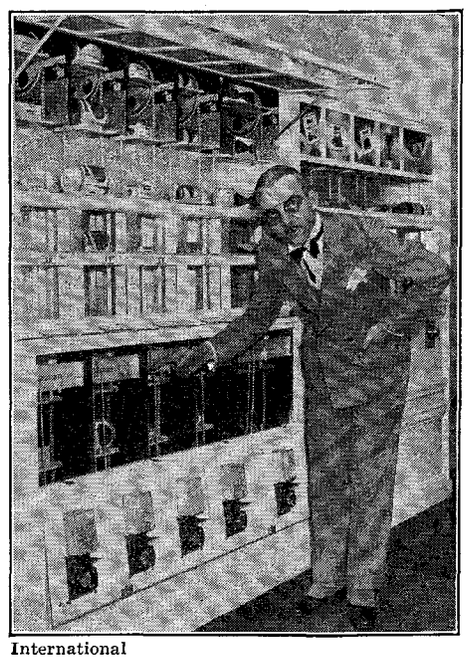
Steel Ingot Production Week ended March 7—54% of capacity (increase of 1% over preceding week; reduction of 22% under same week of 1930).

Crude Oil Production Week ended March 7—daily average gross 2,156,700 barrels (increase of 51,800 over preceding week; reduction of 378,650 under same week of 1930).

Grain Exports Week ended March 7—499,000 bushels (increase of 217,000 over preceding week; reduction of 346,000 under same week of 1930).

Bank Clearings (as reported to Bradstreet's) Week ended March 12—$8,496,547,000 (reduction of 13.8% under preceding week and of 19.9% under same week of 1930).

Failures (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.) Week ended March 12—565 (reduction of 49 under preceding week; increase of 5 over same week of 1930).



International

The robot grocery

▶▶*Vagaries—Series 16*

CONDITIONS in the vagaries market remain substantially unchanged, with demand brisk and prices firm. Special offerings since the last report include:

1. That 91,000,000 candle power searchlight which will soon be projecting advertising copy 50 miles through the air.

2. That invention of crackle-proof manuscript fabric, a boon to nervous broadcasters whose copy-holding hands tremble before the microphone.

3. That machine which will enable Republic Steel to manufacture conduit pipe, galvanized outside and enameled inside, at the rate of 100 feet of pipe a minute.

4. That discovery of the Union Oil Company of California that the problem of economical storage may be solved by running oil and gas from active into semi-depleted wells.

5. Those fifty million pounds of shavings and sawdust that are ground each year into flour. But we need not fear to continue eating bread—the flour is used in plastics for manufacturing purposes.

6. That secret process developed by International Sterling for producing non-tarnishing silver. With the new "Palladiant" treatment, silver will require no more cleaning than china or glass.

▶▶*Market for Federal Funds*

MISS BERNICE C. TURNER of the First National Old Colony Corporation presents, in *The Federal Fund Market* (Prentice-Hall $1.25), information which will be news to most lay readers, and doubtless to many bankers.

"Federal Funds" may consist of checks issued by or drawn upon the Treasurer of the United States; checks issued by or drawn upon a Federal Reserve bank; or debit entries on the books

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of a Federal Reserve bank.

These funds are bought and sold in their own market much as any other commodity, and are usually quoted with a quarter of a point spread in rates. "Funds 3¾-4," for example, means that the bid rate is 3¾% and the asked rate 4%.

The Federal Fund market finds its justification in the fact that it is a medium through which unused credit may be employed. Banks must be prepared to meet the emergencies of the day, so they cannot loan up to the limit of the call market; but the next day, when they find that their needs have been oversupplied, they may make use of their excess money in the Federal Fund market. Just how this is done is clearly and concisely told in Miss Turner's enlightening little book.

FRANK A. FALL.

Pity the Poor Railroads!

THE stock market experienced an unpleasant surprise on March 11, when the New York Central Railroad reduced its dividend from 8 to 6 per cent. The market had already discounted the unfavorable status of the rails and was looking for some dividend readjustments, but such action by one of the country's premier carriers was wholly unexpected. This naturally served as a further bearish influence on railway stocks, which had shared only slightly in the upturn of the security markets during February, and it also gave rise to further dismal outgivings concerning the railway outlook.

That the past year has been a hard one for the carriers no one will deny; but the financial writer who recently declared that 1930 was "among the worst years, if not the very worst, that they have ever experienced" was certainly laying on the blue paint too thick. He was probably moved to this observation by noting that the total revenues of the railroads last year were less even than in 1921, when the roads were still suffering from the effects of war-time control and post-war readjustment.

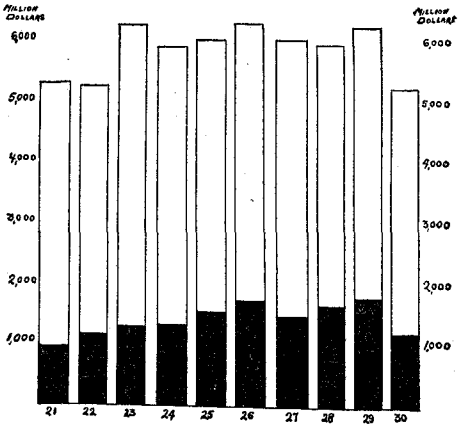
The carriers have met with double trouble in past months, but they have survived even worse difficulties than those they now face, notably in the 1890's. At present they are experiencing the recession common to all lines of business, and in addition they are meeting increasing competition from new modes of transportation. This competition is intensified by the subsidies which it receives through government aid to highways and waterways. Yet, while the immediate prospect may not seem cheerful, it would be an exaggeration to say that the railroads are facing a crisis.

In the first place, it should be noted that many of the country's basic industries have suffered much more severely than have the railroads. Let us consider the case of the automobile and steel industries. The output of motor cars and trucks in 1930 was 38 per cent less than in 1929, and at the same time the production of steel ingots declined 24 per cent. On the other hand, the gross revenues of the railroads—a fair index of their business in the absence of important changes in their rates—showed a decline of but 16 per cent.

Nevertheless, this amounts to a shrinkage of a billion dollars in total railway income and of $432,000,000 in net earnings. Fortunately, the carriers were able to reduce their expenses last year by $581,000,000, and so, while their total revenues were actually less than in the bad year 1921, their net earnings exceeded those of 1921 by 42 per cent.

This is a truly remarkable showing, and it is the silver lining to the railway cloud. It reflects the increasing efficiency of railway operation in this country, and also the decline in the prices of such materials as steel, fuel and lumber, which the carriers purchase in large quantities. With general business activity remaining persistently at from 20 to 25 per cent below normal, the surprising thing is not that the carriers have been hard hit, but that they have been able to do so well under adverse conditions.

We should be careful, however, not to minimize the problems with which the railroads have to contend. The report of their net operating income in January, just published, shows a decrease of 39 per cent, compared with the same month a year ago. This indicates a return of only 2¼ per cent on the property investment of the companies, in contrast with the 5¾ per cent officially designated as a fair return. At the same time we should not regard the present poor financial showing as a permanent condition. After hearing some of the pessimists discuss railway prospects, one would imgaine that the carriers would never be prosperous again. Yet, less than two years ago, car loadings were a



Railway income for the last ten years. The black pedestals represent net earnings in comparison to total revenues which are shown by the entire pedestal

third greater than they have been during the first quarter of the current year. This lost traffic has not vanished forever. It will return as business improves. Some of it may go to the railways' new competitors, but it should be remembered that these competitors were active two years ago, and in spite of them railway freight business was then better than normal.

Meantime, it is useless to deplore the competition the carriers are encountering from highway and waterway transportation. In so far as this competition is rendered unfair by public subsidies, the condition calls for correction. But these other forms of transportation have their legitimate place in the economic system, and they form a valuable supplement to the services rendered by the railroads.

The railroads will have to adapt themselves to the new competition, once it is put on a fair basis. Some of them are already doing so. The New Haven, for example, is now operating a thousand freight and passenger motor vehicles through one of its subsidiaries. Other roads are doing the same thing on a smaller scale, sometimes establishing new bus lines as feeders to their main lines and sometimes discontinuing passenger trains on unprofitable branch lines and substituting more economical buses.

The time has not come to pronounce any obsequies over the railroads. At least four-fifths of their business is quite safe from the competition of highways and waterways and pipe lines, and of the remaining fifth they may be counted upon to get their share. We should remember, too, that the railways' competitors also found 1930 a very bad year.

WILLIAM O. SCROGGS.

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The Patient is Always Wrong

By EDNA YOST

MY FRIEND from California (where the weather is always perfect) had waited until after the middle of September to come to New York for her first visit. She wanted to miss the heat. On her arrival in New York doctors said a serious major operation was necessary. The trip had been wearing, and they urged a three-day pre-operation hospital period to prepare her for the ordeal.

"Make her happy and comfortable," they told me. "Keep her off her feet, feed her well and don't let her fret or worry."

With their assistance we found a pleasant room in a good hospital, and the next morning I left her and promised to look in after the day's work was done. The heat of the day was terrific. It was bad weather for lying abed in the heart of the city. I went to the hospital late in the afternoon to find my friend propped up in bed with a tray of appetizing food in front of her.

"I'm trying to get it down," she said, "but it's so hot—and lying on this rubber sheet all day has just about finished me."

"Rubber sheet!" said I. "On a day like this. And you're not ill. Why don't you get them to take it off?"

"I've been trying to," she said, "but I haven't had any luck so far. You see, I have no special nurse, and every one is busy, and no one dares take a rubber sheet off unless some responsible person signs up for $18 in the office. I can't go to the office, and there's no telephone, and I haven't been able to get any one to do it for me today. They keep putting me off. I've been trying to get hold of an electric fan, too. This room has been terrible. There won't be anything left to operate on if this keeps up."

The nurses were all busy with supper trays, and preparing to go off duty.

"I'll come back after dinner and fix it up for you," I promised her. "It's ridiculous."

I returned, prepared to fight if necessary, to have the rubber sheet removed. The night nurses were on duty. I explained to one of them what we wanted and how reasonable the request was.

"I know, but we can't do anything," she told me. "Some one must sign up at the office guaranteeing $18, and the office is closed now. Take it up with the day nurse tomorrow."

"She's been taking it up with day nurses all day," I told her. "This night's rest is awfully important for her. She won't rest well on a rubber sheet, and that's all she's here paying money for. It's got to come off! You take it off and I'll sign anything you want either tonight or tomorrow morning. There's no reasonable excuse for your keeping it on. She's a perfectly normal, well woman tonight, trying to get a rest before a very serious operation."

"I understand your point of view, but I'd run the risk of losing my job if I did this for patients," she replied.

And my friend thought it unwise for me to push the matter any further.

On my way home from the hospital that night I stopped in a hotel to leave a book for a friend. Waiting for an elevator on the ninth floor, I was still thinking heatedly of the ridiculousness of the hospital's attitude. The elevator stopped to let some one off.

"Down?" said I, absentmindedly.

"No; going up," was the answer. I heard him, but I was paying no attention and started to step on the car. Both the door and the gate of the elevator got me, pinning me where I stood, half-way in and half-way out.

"It's my fault, madam; I'm sorry," came quick as a flash from the lips of the operator of the car as he released me.

And there you have the difference in the fundamental attitude toward their public instilled in hotel and hospital employees. The hotel guest is always right, even when he is flagrantly wrong; but the patient is always wrong, even when he is right.

Although I do not feel the necessity for or justice in the extreme guest-is-always-right attitude in some of our modern hotels, I can see a better psychological reason for it than for the hide-bound regulations of hospitals which seemed based on the suspicion that patients have no intelligence and little sense of honor. Much of the hotel guest's contact is with elevator operators, bell-boys and maids. Their intelligence cannot be counted upon always to be of a high order. But the hospital patient's contact is with doctors and nurses. On every floor of a hospital surely there is one graduate nurse whose intelligence can be trusted. Why may she not be permitted to use it on such matters as rubber sheets and hot-water bottles? And why may an intelligent and honorably intentioned patient not be trusted to do likewise?

I knew a college teacher who went into a private room in a hospital for a few days' rest and quiet and who was told she could not have a hot-water bottle the first night because she had forgotten to get a doctor's order for one! It was cold consolation that night to know a simple comfort had to be denied her because careless nurses had occasionally given an over-hot bottle to young babies or helpless paralytics with fatal results. She happened to be neither a baby nor a paralytic and had an intelligence thoroughly trained in the ways of hot-water bottles, but once she had entered the hospital she had become merely the patient and could accomplish her own comfort only by asking some nurse to do a thing for which she would have to risk serious discipline.

It seems almost like biting the hand that feeds you for one who has had excellent care in hospitals to criticize them in minor details. Yet psychologically these details are important to the sick, and my contact with nurses leads me to suspect that they, too, feel a lack of necessity for some of the hospital regulations which cripple them in a more intelligent handling of patients. There is, for example, the matter of early rising, which strikes alike at ward and private room patient (one who is not ill enough for a private nurse). Day nurses come on duty at seven o'clock in many hospitals, and serve breakfast immediately. This means that patients are bathed and made ready for a seven o'clock breakfast by the night nurses; and this in turn means that lights are turned on in the wards at 5 or 5:30, while patients in private rooms are roused at 6 or very shortly thereafter.

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If I happen to be the type of person whose best sleep is during the latter half of the night, especially between 5 and 8 a.m., and who prefers a bath any time rather than before breakfast, may I close the door on my six-or-eight-dollar-a-day room and hang a "Do-not-disturb-before-8-o'clock" sign on it? Well, try it yourself, and you will discover that hospitals, like armies, are still run on military discipline. You may die anywhere in the place and any time of the day or night and be forgiven, but try to disturb the early rising, bath-before-breakfast routine and you will find that as long as you are alive and intelligent, the patient is always wrong.

It seems to me that in so many matters of this kind hospitals are run for the convenience of the medical staffs and nurses at the obvious inconvenience of the paying patient. "The outsider does not understand the amount of work, the necessity for routine," I have been told by hospital authorities. But this outsider does know of at least one hospital where by postponing breakfast until 7:30, and having the day nurses (of whom there are considerably more) rather than the night nurses give the morning baths, patients who were formerly roused between 4:30 and 6 a.m. were permitted to sleep until 7 merely because one hospital administrator used intelligence to rearrange routine rather than to enforce an unnecessary one which was not to the best advantage of sick people.

I think many of us who are "white collar" patients submit uncomplainingly to much in hospitals because we are among those unfortunates who are neither rich enough nor poor enough to afford illness. We do not want charity, and unless we go to the expense, during hospitalization, of special nurses, we are made to feel that our every request is a burden on an overworked hospital staff,

You become the experiment station for the whole staff

and so it often is. But if I can interpret facts and figures correctly, the reason for a great part of it is because hospitals are run in such a way that the "white collar" patient, that is, the person who can afford a room at $40 or $50 a week but not the $100 or $125 a week necessary for private nurses, must, *during his illness,* share in the hospital's charity work. Certainly I believe that hospitals should be enabled to take care of sick people who cannot afford to pay their own way, but it does not seem the wisest arrangement that paying patients to whom illness is already a great financial burden should be forced to undertake some of the other fellow's financial responsibility during the period of his own stress and strain. If this is asking a rearrangement of hospital financing and routine, it does not seem to me it is asking for anything they should not be glad to do for paying guests.

Much criticism has been published in recent years of the excessive illness costs for the not-rich, not-poverty-stricken patient. Dr. Donald M. Morrill, Director of the Blodgett Memorial Hospital in Grand Rapids, Michigan, in answering twenty-seven such magazine articles from the point of view of the hospital administrator, voiced the conclusions that hospitals give too much service totally free; that they charge ward patients too little; and that they charge white collar, private room patients too much. The actual cost of the patient to the hospital has been variously estimated. At a great, free hospital like Bellevue in New York City, where 2,000 to 2,500 patients are very efficiently handled (but certainly with no extra frills), the cost per patient per day is between $3 and $4. For the whole state of Ohio, the cost for each patient in all private hospitals figured to $5.31 a day in 1929. In Cincinnati, the expenditure of eight leading hospitals was $6.22 a day for the same period. Figures like these seem to indicate that the private room patient who pays (depending on locality) from $5 to $7 or $8 a day for a room is not only paying his own way, but that if the hospital were really interested in giving this class of patient psychologically intelligent rather than merely scientically efficient, we-won't-let-you-die care, much more might be done at little extra expense—and probably to the great advantage of the patient.

Consider, for a moment, the plight of the patient, of the same kind of intelligence as you who read this, who is paying for a private room in a hospital. Just what can he depend upon from them? In the first place, he can be pretty sure he will not die. The mortality rates in hospitals have decreased since 1900 from 6 to 7 to 2 or 3 for each hundred patients. The chances are that if he trusts himself to a hospital he will get

Just try this in your favorite hospital and see what happens

the attention and care which will put him among the lucky 97 or 98 who are going to live. He can depend upon being roused at six o'clock in the morning, having his meals served from 1½ to 2 hours earlier than his digestive apparatus and appetite are accustomed to, and on being urged to sleep shortly after dark. If his nature rebels, he will be told that all he needs to do is to rearrange his habits a little. And if he is wise, he will attempt to do just this, with the chances in his favor that he will be able to accomplish it just about the time he is ready to leave the hospital and rearrange his habits all over again.

He will, by becoming a private room patient, submit himself to hospital rules and regulations some of which are left over from the time when men and women were forced to be nurses as a punishment for having been sent to the workhouse, and others which have been made for the sake of building the incompetent doctor's ego through demanding constant visible signs of inferiority from nurses. (The hospital atmosphere is no place for a feminist or a gentleman!) He will, in brief, become immersed in an atmosphere where routine is far too often substituted for the very intelligence which training school heads are demanding in candidates for nurses' training nowadays, and by which they have raised the standard of the nursing profession so admirably.

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▶▶ Slide-Rule Hawks—Speed Demon ◀◀

By C. B. ALLEN

FRANK M. HAWKS has come in for a lot of joking from other pilots about the slide-rule that occupies such a prominent position on the instrument board of the speedy little monoplane with which he has set up so many quick-travel records during the last eight months. It is a tradition of the aircraft industry that practically every pilot in the game who takes himself seriously and is worth his aeronautical salt thinks he knows more about aerodynamics than the engineers who designed his plane, and the slide-rule, of course, is the accepted badge and appurtenance of the engineer.

Hawks grins good-naturedly at the chaffing of those who are amused, and is content to let the impression go unchallenged. He doesn't even bother to correct those who see in the ever-conspicuous slide-rule a subtle and canny attempt to capitalize an idiosyncrasy as Al Smith capitalizes his own derby. But, if you penetrate the protective banter with which Hawks has come to surround his slide-rule, it is quickly apparent that he has made it a real adjunct to his other equipment for aerial navigation.

"I really wouldn't feel right without that slide-rule," he says. "In an ordinary airplane, making a hundred miles an hour or so, I'll admit it would look like a fad to attract attention and cause comment, but in a machine averaging about 200 miles an hour it becomes almost indispensable. A slight miscalculation at speeds approaching four miles a minute could easily throw me off course twenty or twenty-five miles, and a mistake like that might mean the difference between coming down through a blanket of clouds into a nice valley and smacking against the side of a mountain.

"A pilot only makes one mistake like that; somebody else makes his next one for him. I did not spend much time at the head of the class in mental arithmetic and I can't afford to guess, at least not at 200 miles an hour. That slide-rule may look like an ornament to some people, but it looks like a life-preserver to me."

Hawks's flying is the smart airman's usual combination of dead reckoning and landmark navigation. Before each of his flights, he carefully plots his course on a map, determines the compass bearing, makes necessary corrections for drift on the basis of his plane's cruising speed and the direction and force of the wind at the time of take-off. Obviously, the latter factor is subject to constant change, and the experienced pilot frequently checks his course by railroads, rivers, towns and cities in relation to the line of flight he has drawn across his map. Also, if he is the Hawks brand of aviator, he scales off his course on the map and, by frequent reference to these markers and his watch, he can tell his exact ground speed and the particular minute at which he should arrive over any given point.

IT IS here that the slide-rule is invaluable, because it is the essence of accuracy and eliminates all mental or pencilled calculations on the part of the pilot. Flyers, on the whole, are a pretty intelligent and well-educated lot, so that it is the exception rather than the rule who can't figure out in his head that he is traveling 180 miles an hour if, ten minutes after starting on his course, he passes the intersection of two railroads just thirty miles out. But, if the intersection is 34½ miles from the starting point and it flits by after exactly 9 minutes and 35 seconds, how many pilots or non-pilots in the world can pop right out with the exact flying speed and say when the plane should reach its objective, so-and-so many miles away? But Slide-Rule Hawks doesn't have to worry his brain over the matter. He reaches out and pushes one section of this intriguing little gadget until it rests at 34½, another part slides along to figures representing 9 minutes and 35 seconds and, presto! at still a third place on the rule he reads the correct answer to his question in miles per hour.

"Suppose I am flying to a town lying between two mountain ridges and find some little distance before reaching my destination that the clouds are beginning to close in solidly," Hawks says. "Either by a radio receiving set on board the plane or by weather reports received before taking off, I know that there is plenty of room underneath the clouds at the place to which I am going, but that the 'ceiling' will be well down on top of both mountains. If I have kept careful check of my ground speed throughout the flight and have passed over a landmark at a known distance from my objective just before losing sight of the ground, I can hardly go wrong by flying straight ahead for as many minutes and seconds as my slide-rule tells me is necessary, and then dropping down through the clouds. For I *know* that the open valley and not the jagged mountain ridges will be waiting below."

A second slide-rule in a well-worn leather case which Hawks always carries in his pockets further attests that the thing is no pose with him; that Hawks is not to be classed with a certain pilot and "navigator" of 1927's hectic transatlantic flying days whose picture was taken with a sextant which neither he nor the photographers knew he was holding upside down! Let the talk turn to planned assaults on Hawks's transcontinental speed records — 14 hours, 30 minutes and 43 seconds westward; 12 hours, 25 minutes and 3 seconds eastward over the New York-Los Angeles course—and out comes the slide-rule. It is 700 miles from Los Angeles to Albuquerque, 540 thence to Wichita, 600 to Indianapolis and 675 to New York, which are the stops Hawks made in recapturing his cross-continent laurels from the Lindberghs and in clipping more than 2 hours and 20 minutes from their one-stop performance. In a twinkling Hawks has figured out just how fast each of these legs must be covered by any one who beats his own time, or exactly how many miles an hour would have to be flown on a non-stop journey over the 2,515-mile course to set a new record.

What is even more interesting, Hawks can show in the course of a few minutes with his slide-rule how it is possible for him, if necessary, to shorten his own time across the continent in the same ship with which he so decisively beat Lindbergh's record. For Hawks is holding in reserve an ace or two in his little game of speed that most people do not suspect. The average man's conception of Hawks is that of a dare-devil racing pilot, tearing around the country at top speed and pushing his motor to the limit. It is, perhaps, the logical conclusion concerning a man who travels faster in life's daily routine than any other figure of his age. But it is none the less highly erroneous.

IT IS true that Hawks has made a fetish of speed, but at the same time he has turned it to practical account. To him the breadth of the United States is a daylight jaunt, luncheon in Chicago and dinner in New York a commonplace. Yet, for all this, Hawks refuses to hurry. So far, he has never pushed his machine to its limits on the flights that bring him fame; his philosophy in setting the fastest pace of his time is that by doing so he captures enough leisure to keep from rushing through the ordinary affairs of life. In the air—and this is the ace he holds in reserve—he

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flies with his motor throttled to its normal cruising speed, never wide open. This undoubtedly accounts for the phenomenal dependability that has been displayed by the special Wright Whirlwind motor in Hawks's low-wing Travel Air "mystery" monoplane, the "Texaco No. 13," aside from initially sound engineering and excellent workmanship. Hawks simply has a ship whose normal cruising speed is higher than the top speed of most others, and he has been long-headed enough not to "shoot the works" when he could accomplish his purpose and at the same time spare his engine.

Such simple strategy and common sense ought to be easy of comprehension, but very few have grasped it; perhaps because nothing is so hard to see as the perfectly obvious, perhaps because the ordinary record-seeker cannot conceive of demanding anything less than the maximum from a mechanism built for speed. Certainly it will be interesting to see what happens if one of the current aspirants to Hawks's crown exceeds his transcontinental record by a narrow margin. For there is every reason to believe that Hawks's motor will stand full-throttle operation all the way from California to New York and none to think that he will balk at putting it to the test if this becomes necessary.

About the first of April Hawks and his airplane—the fastest traveling combination in America—are going abroad on the Europa, the fastest vessel that sails the seas. The announced purpose of the trip is for the American speed merchant to fly about the Old World, calling on local representatives of the oil company whose aviation department Hawks heads. Nothing has been said or will be said about breaking existing travel records in Europe, for preliminary ballyhoo is not a part of the Hawks program. All the same, it is a safe assumption that some of them will be broken as Hawks goes casually about his business calls, and Europe will awake to the realization that her air transport lines are painfully short on the commodity known as speed. The experts, of course, will scoff, for does not England hold the speed record of the world at 357 miles an hour, a pace that makes Hawks's best performance look like that of a slow freight? But this English racing plane, winner of the last Schneider Cup Race, *has never flown across a continent and never will;* it is useless for all practical purposes except as a laboratory for the development of faster flight, while Hawks contends that the "Texaco No. 13" is a practical commercial airplane—the fastest in the world. It will be unfortunate, indeed, if he fails to fly his machine over some of the Old World's longer airways (say from London to Karachi or even Australia) during his foreign visit for purposes of comparison with the best performances European aviation has set up in this field.

Hawks's first burst on the American consciousness as a national figure was when he set a new west-east transcontinental speed record by flying nonstop from Los Angeles to New York in a Lockheed Air Express monoplane, which he had volunteered to ferry across

Texas Co.

Hawks flew across the continent in a glider towed by a plane. They were hooked together by a cable and a telephone line. Hawks is probably telling the airplane to go faster

the country for the manufacturers in order to get himself quick transportation. He was accompanied by a mechanic, Oscar Grubb, whose duties en route included pumping the contents of seventy-five separate five-gallon tins of gasoline from the cabin to the fuel tanks in the wing. This was on February 4 and 5, 1929. Hawks saw the ground only once from Arizona until he was nearing Washington, and that was when he descended through 9,000 feet of fog to find that conditions underneath were impossible, and that his only chance was to climb "blind" up through the fog again. He arrived at Roosevelt Field, L. I., 18 hours, 21 minutes and 59 seconds after taking off from Los Angeles.

Later, when his company had purchased this borrowed airplane and it had been equipped with proper tanks and radio, he flew alone from New York to Los Angeles on June 27, 1929, in 19 hours and 10 minutes, returning next day over the same route in 17 hours and 38 minutes, both records still standing in the field of non-stop performance. His five-stop westward flight across the country in 14 hours, 30 minutes and 43 seconds with the "Texaco No. 13" on August 6, 1930, and his return over the same course August 13 in 12 hours, 25 minutes and 3 seconds (including three stops for fuel), are well-known achievements. So is his flight from New York to Havana and back early last November in 18 hours, 5 minutes, and so are his numerous other fast trips about the country, including a recent 17-day tour of the southwest with Will Rogers, cowboy comedian, during which 57 cities were visited and a quarter of a million dollars raised for Red Cross drouth relief. Incidentally, Hawks took his regular turn on the stage during their four appearances daily, manipulating a mouthful of gum and a diminutive lariat in mimicry of Rogers' performance. He was an actor for a period in his youth.

Before all these events, Hawks, in 1927, bought the sister ship of Lindbergh's "Spirit of St. Louis," christened it the "Pride of San Diego," and flew it to sixth place in the Ford Air Tour. Later that year he took the same ship to the National Air Races at Spokane and won first place for speed in the *Detroit News* Air Transport Speed and Efficiency Race. Still later in 1927 he "sold" the Texas Company on the idea of taking up aviation in a serious way, and the following year flew their first airplane, a tri-motored Ford, on a 50,000-mile tour of the United States, visiting 175 cities, safely carrying 72,000 passengers, including every executive and director of his own company. The same plane was entered in the 1927 Ford Tour and finished second with Hawks at the controls.

The first and only transcontinental glider flight ever attempted was made by Hawks last year. Starting from Lindbergh Field, San Diego, on March 30, he landed in triumph and exactly on schedule eight days later at Van Cortlandt Park, New York City, after the longest towed flight in the history of aviation. His Franklin utility glider, the "Eaglet," was towed at the end of a 500-foot cable containing a telephone line over which Hawks constantly communicated with J. D. "Duke" Jernigin, pilot of the Waco tow plane. The "Eaglet" was the first cabin glider ever built and the first glider to be equipped with brakes. The transcontinental trip required 44 hours and 10 minutes flying time, 35 hours of which was spent in tow and the remainder in soaring exhibitions at towns and cities en route. The glider is now in the Smithsonian Institution with other famous American aircraft.

Hawks's early flying history, not to make a bad pun, is full of the ups and downs of a typical barnstorming pilot's career except for the additional spice of nearly three year spent in Mexico. Dur-

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▶▶ Testimonials, Wholesale ◀◀

Constance Talmadge—Champion Endurance Endorser

By ALVA JOHNSTON

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This article is the second in a series by Mr. Johnston on the use of big-name testimonials in advertising—a subject on which even the opinions of advertising men are divided.

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AMONG the brightest chapters in the history of the testimonial are the campaigns for Lux toilet soap, John Ward shoes, Fleischmann's yeast and the film *Breakfast at Sunrise*. Constance Talmadge, the star of *Breakfast at Sunrise*, is the game's official heroine. In one day she endorsed 400 articles, ranging from an aspirin tablet to a grand piano.

The Lux toilet soap campaign was a masterpiece of thoroughness and dash in which Lux rounded up "442 important Hollywood actresses." The campaign was planned in this city. Officials of the great film companies were won over to Lux. James R. Quirk, the Northcliffe of movie journalism, was attached to the Lux cause. Twenty-one movie directors swore allegiance to Lux. Lux arranged big dinners at Hollywood to put the Lux testimonial wanglers on the best Hollywood social footing. Hollywood drug stores and beauty shops through trade arrangements were buried under an avalanche of Lux. In the studios word went out that people of the greatest importance would be gratified if the little girls would all sign up with Lux.

Lux cornered the soap rights of the profession. That was not all. Other manufacturers soon discovered that Lux had not acquired the soap rights alone; it had cornered the talcum rights, the lotion rights and all make-up and cosmetic rights of every kind and character. The Lux beauties agreed to be beautiful because of Lux and nothing but Lux for a term of years. It will be 1932 before some of the stage and screen favorites can legally thank other preparations for their loveliness.

There was one defect in the Lux campaign. The 442 beauties were beauties before Lux broke into the beauty testimonial industry. Lux might have claimed them anyway; unborn cakes of Lux or the retroactive effect of Lux could have beautified them in the pre-Lux period. The laws of nature are null and void in the testimonial universe; yesterday's effects result from tomorrow's causes and the past is subject to change without notice. No one would be surprised to learn that a soap of the year 1928 was responsible for Lily Langtry, Nell Gwynne, or the Fair Maid of Perth. But the testimonial industry has suddenly developed a conscience. It has become an unwritten law with the better testimonial houses to avoid obvious mendacity, when artfully arranged truths work just as well. The 442 were not allowed to owe their beauty to the lifelong use of Lux or to inheritance from Lux-using mothers. Most of them merely affirmed that a smooth skin was a good thing in the movies. The reader, however, was not advised that nature or youth or some other toilet soap had made the 442 beautiful enough to get into the pictures in the pre-Lux days; on the contrary, he was allowed to infer that 442 Lux babies would be ugly ducklings and wall flowers today except for blessed old Lux.

The ideal endorsement technique today is to make no false statements. The golden rule is never to fool the public; let it fool itself.

The central idea of the John Ward campaign was to picture John Ward shoes being worn by men who looked like regular members of the rotogravure set in the Easter parade or in some other stylish setting. The early John Ward advertisements stated that alert press photographers had discovered that fashionable people wore shoes and that a check-up showed that many an important foot occupied a John Ward. The impression was strongly cultivated that the John Wards occurred spontaneously on these high-life feet and that the John Ward advertising department had nothing to do with instigating it.

The truth is, however, that those genteel feet were rented at varying rates. The average rental of a couple of genuine Social Register feet is $75 and two pairs of John Wards; feet of smaller social pretensions are to be leased for $25 and one pair of John Wards; feet of no particular éclat are farmed out for one pair of John Wards and no money. The fact is that the windfall of a single pair of John Wards has been a godsend of the first magnitude to more than one pair of impoverished feet. In the John Ward testimonial advertisements, the owner of the revenue-producing feet is usually accompanied by a debutante; as a rule he met her for the first time a few minutes before their picture was taken. The debutante ordinarily received $25 for being photographed on the arm of a gentleman who has commercialized his extremities. In one advertisement the Brooklyn feet of Arthur Fowler Staniford, Jr., were passed off on the reader as genuine Park Avenue "dogs." John Wards were snapped as they stalked down the gangplank from the President Roosevelt on the owner and business manager of a pair of feet which had never been out of this country. Another man, who had leased the usual number of feet for the usual price, was snapped emerging with his partner from St. Bartholomew's Church. They had either not been inside of the edifice, or had passed through a half inch of wrought iron, because the church portals were tightly closed not more than a few inches behind them.

The Fleischmann's yeast campaign was carried on with great success, in spite of two major handicaps: first, the backwardness of the aristocracy in letting the world know how it overcame sluggishness; second, the fanatical honesty of the manufacturers who insisted on having the yeast endorsed by none but *bona fide* yeast eaters. In order to procure a large supply of *bona fide* testimonials, testimonial contests were held throughout the country, cash prizes being offered in local newspapers for the best tributes to Fleischmann's yeast. Thousands of eloquent endorsements resulted, but they did not come from celebrities and social leaders; on the contrary, they came from factory and garage employees, domestics, clerks, waiters, chauffeurs, skilled and unskilled laborers.

It was necessary to build them up; to invest them with glamour; to make the ordinary reader look up to them. The following plan was invented to glorify the endorsers. Teams were sent out into the testimonial country, each consisting of a camera artist and a bland but dominating woman. Each team systematically visited endorsers, looking for promising types. If they found a handsome boiler-maker's helper, printer's devil, or garage hand, it was their cue to wash and barber him, slip him into a polo costume, prop him up on a highly polished pony, wind his fingers round a polo mallet, patiently work him into a Meadowbrook attitude, carefully close the open mouth, coax the stupefied expression from the face and snap him. Then he would sign a new testimonial

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composed by a word painter in the home office.

Moving on to the next town, the testimonial team stuffs a riding habit with a neatly made waitress, or swathes a plumber's bride in lace and has her muse among the lilies, or tucks a clean-limbed apothecary's clerk into yachting garments and photographs him against a marine background. Trunks full of chic things from Fifth Avenue and the *Rue de la Paix* are padded with presentable domestics and factory girls, and shot stepping out of Rolls Royces, gliding in canoes, airing wolf hounds, dreaming beside waterfalls and half hidden among the orchids. It took powers of persuasion and skill in taxidermy to stuff the whole wardrobe satisfactorily, but the advertisements were extremely effective and the campaign a tremendous success.

But the story of Constance Talmadge is the epic of the testimonial industry—the story of her who posed for 400 testimonial photographs in one day. Where many advertised articles were engaged in cut-throat competition with one another, she endorsed the whole field; she posed, for instance, showing a set of fine white teeth due to the exclusive use of Pepsodent, Iodent, Kolynos, Dentyne, Ipana, Squibbs, Lyon's, Colgates or Pebeco, according to business arrangements to be worked out later; she faced the camera drinking a cup of coffee which was Maxwell House, Hotel Astor, Yuban, Alice Foote MacDougall, Kaffee Hag, Sanka or whatever brand might come to terms with her manager, Emil Jensen.

Jensen, an advertising stunt man and inventor of the theme song, is a public fountain of ideas. He was instructed by Joseph Schenck, president of United Artists, to do something special for Constance Talmadge and her forthcoming picture, *Breakfast at Sunrise*. The exact wording of Mr. Schenck's instructions to Emil were, "Do something sensational, but dignified." The first idea that came to Jensen was to take twenty pages in *The Saturday Evening Post*, but a calculation of the cost killed that idea. "Get somebody else to pay for them," was his next flash. Then came the thought to notify all national advertisers that Constance Talmadge would endorse anything that would endorse her. Hurrying East, he found the *Post* too conservative, but made a tie-up with *Liberty*. Jensen's one handicap was lack of time. *Breakfast at Sunrise* was coming out soon, and weeks were needed to show national advertisers why they should pay for advertisements which were partly for their products, but chiefly for *Breakfast at Sunrise*. Another difficulty arose. Miss Talmadge was on her way to Europe and would be in New York only one day. Jensen's plan required her to be handy in order to pose for endorsement photographs as fast as he signed up manufacturers. Most men would have been crushed by the bad news, but Jensen immediately determined to photograph the star, on the one day before her ship sailed, as the delighted user of every nationally advertised product.

At 9 a.m. Jensen and his staff swarmed into her suite at the Hotel Ambassador. With him were Victor Hugo Halperin, a motion picture director; Virgil Browning, a crack camera man; three or four suit wearers to pose opposite the star handing her Whitman's, Huyler's, Johnson's, Lowney's, Loft's and Sherry's; assistant photographers, purchasing agents and a double tide of porters that rushed in and out of the suite all day long with beds and bedding, wardrobe trunks, radio sets, pianos, crockery, soap, creams, pastes, electrical apparatus and every article that has an advertising appropriation.

Two stage hands continually rearranged the settings and two maids continually rearranged the star. The camera clicked on the average once in two minutes for twelve hours. She posed in an opera cloak for any department store, mail order house or specialty shop. The cloak removed, she posed under ropes of pearls—for Tiffany, Tecla, Cartier or Kresge, whichever was first to cooperate. Off went the pearls, and she was shot in a few party gowns. Peeled again, she was shot for saucy underthings; then for hosiery, then bedroom slippers. Next came a structure of whalebone, rubber, cordage and tackle which the purchasing department called a corset. The star balked. Jensen would overlook no chance, however forlorn; a compromise was reached; the medieval body armor was draped over a chair, Miss Talmadge stood off a few feet looking the other way, and Browning clicked his camera on the scene.

Snapped in a variety of boudoir silks and rayons, the star was tucked away in a Simmons between the Pepperell and Pequot sheets; was rearranged to emphasize the patent springs and trademarked mattresses, and then rolled over on one side to be awakened by any nationally advertised alarm clock. Arising, she had a long siege at the vanity table with the scores of preparations that are exclusively responsible for her smooth skin and delicate, flowerlike beauty. Usually the name of the article was shown; but she also used nameless cakes of soap and anonymous tubes of cream in order to make herself available for any new toilet article or for any old one that might have been overlooked by the purchasing department.

Then came solo poses exhibiting her perfect proportions, thanks to Marmola, the Lesser Slim Figure Bath, Fat-Off Reducing Cream, the Battle Creek electric shaker. The table set, the star ate every advertised food with every advertised eating tool; she ran the gamut of percolators, toasters, waffle irons and advertised electrical devices, while Browning and his assistants clicked away. They shot her punching the keys of all our leading typewriters, playing Knabes, Steinways, Chickerings, Ampicos; listening rapturously to competing radio sets. Stripping off her own three wedding rings, she registered modest pride and exhibited a Juliet on her matrimonial finger. Jensen was anxious to have the star warmed up by a widely advertised heater, but as it was a sweltering day in the late summer, the purchasing department could not find one, so they photographed Miss Talmadge toasting her hands over nothing and a picture of the heater was dovetailed in on the following day.

The entire night was spent in developing the pictures. Next day Jensen and his assistants, armed with the advance endorsements, started to pay visits to the manufacturers. Their argument was that anybody who took a column or a page in *Liberty* would get double action on their money, because the repeated appearance of Miss Talmadge would arouse curiosity, cause talk and focus attention on the endorsed article. There was no time, however, to build up Jensen's hoped-for gallery of 100 Con-

This Week's Contributors

Alva Johnston, "the best reporter in New York," spent several years on the staff of the New York *Times* before moving to the *Herald Tribune*. Many of his news stories are famous among newspaper men, notably his report of the robbery of the one-man jewelry shop. He is noted as a thorough investigator.

C. B. Allen was aviation editor of the now defunct New York *World*, and has joined the staff of the New York *Telegram*. He is a flier and lieutenant in the Reserve Corps. His book on Hawks will be published soon.

Edna Yost is a frequent and well-known contributor to the magazines.

Dr. Frank A. Fall, OUTLOOK'S author of "The Week in Business," is also the author of several books. He is now director of research for the National Association of Credit Men.

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stance Talmadge endorsements in one issue; but in the few days at his disposal Jensen found takers for eight of the testimonials, and in *Liberty* of October 29, 1927, the star appeared being roused from sleep by an Ansonia alarm clock, wearing a Benrus wrist watch, demonstrating a Thorens Sure-fire cigarette lighter, flashing Dentyne whitened teeth, using Gold Seal tubes in her radio and Air Container inner tubes on her car, keeping slim by Marmola and displaying a Juliet Wedding Ring. Each advertisement describes her as "the charming heroine of *Breakfast at Sunrise*," which, by the way, was a failure.

The Spotlight on Sports

▶▶*Ditch Digger*

THE greatest athlete America ever developed is digging foundations at four dollars a day in Los Angeles. Incongruous as it seems, it's true. Jim Thorpe, all time all-America football halfback, Olympic all around champion, lacrosse and baseball star, is swinging a lusty pick the while he waits, perhaps vainly, for a coaching job.

Thorpe, a full-blooded Sac and Fox Indian, was one of those natural athletes who sparkle at any game which involves a keen eye, a nimble foot and a sense of timing. Nature had blessed this 180-pound Redskin with an indestructible physique, and Jim proceeded to squander his matchless energy with a prodigality that would have cut short the athletic career of any but a super-man.

Thorpe rarely trained. After a series of all-night parties, he would don cleated shoes, jersey and moleskins and proceed to run Carlisle's rivals ragged. He was alike the despair of his hard-boiled coach, Pop Warner, and opposing elevens. Neither could hold him in check.

Warner, coach at the Carlisle Indian School, adopted mailed fist methods to keep his brightest star within bounds at night. "Pop" posted a guard beneath Thorpe's dormitory window, for Jim had a way of shinnying down a drain pipe after the lights-out bell sounded.

Thorpe was congenitally lazy—had the Indian's disinclination to exert himself unless the stakes were high. He loved football but loathed practise, would loaf during the workouts if Warner didn't keep cracking the whip. But once the whistle blew in a regular game Thorpe shook off his lethargy, played with a devil-may-care abandon that carried lesser men before him as October winds stampede dry leaves along a country road. Those who never watched Jim Thorpe turn an end, knife off tackle, punt sixty yards, or drop kick from mid-field missed seeing the theoretical super-football player personified in flesh and blood. Thorpe played five years at Carlisle. In his final season he scored 25 touchdowns! Against Harvard one day he kicked four field goals, one from the 48-yard mark.

Jim put professional football on the map. Even though hobbled by a Falstaffian paunch, he was the supreme gate attraction. Rockne tells how the fat and flabby Thorpe rounded his end at Akron for forty yards. "Thanks, Rock," said Thorpe, "for giving the crowd a chance to see old Jim do his stuff." Of course, Rockne was not an accessory before the fact. It was only Jim's way of having his little joke.

Swedish court attachés recall the day that Thorpe refused to grant the King of Sweden an interview. His Majesty paid the Decathlon and Pentathlon winner the compliment of visiting Thorpe aboard the steamer on which the American athletes were quartered. Thorpe sent out word that he couldn't see the King. James, it seems, had celebrated his double triumph not wisely but too well.

▶▶"*Inside Stuff*"

THEY have taken "the rabbit" out of the baseball, and sports observers are eagerly awaiting the reaction to this modified ammunition as reflected in the approaching diamond campaign. The lively ball stood charged with distorting strategic values. The post-war era in sports glorified slugging. Baseball tactics were revolutionized by the jackrabbit sphere. "Inside baseball"—a shop term which covered such cunning manoeuvres as the squeeze play, the double steal, the sacrifice, the hit and run and the drag bunt—gradually gave way to what might be called "outside baseball," which is to say "slug the ball outside the lot."

Now, the magnates have decided that this travesty on true baseball has gone far enough. They fear that cash customers are surfeited with slogging. Hence the modified ball with a thicker cover and raised seams—changes designed to give the harassed pitcher a better grip and to keep the sphere from soaring like a gull. It remains to be seen whether the home run industry will return to a piece-work status after ten years on a mass production basis.

Our autumn friend, the pigskin (really a cowhide), has been standardized to prevent chicanery. The new code provides that the football must be inflated to a pressure of 13 pounds, measure 11 inches in length, and have a short axis circumference of 22 inches. It appears that canny if unethical coaches used to let air out of the ball when they had a smart passer and the enemy boasted a crack punter. Another dodge was to ring in a long, narrow ball which facilitated passing but put a crimp in kicking. This snide trick could be reversed to suit circumstances. A soft, squashy ball is easy to pass but hard to punt.

▶▶*Victor on Ice*

IRONICALLY enough, Yale's two straight hockey victories over Harvard went unnoticed by the evening papers. Aside from the bare reports of the games in the morning press, no comment of any kind appeared in print. One looked in vain for an analysis or review of these spectacular games.

This oversight irked the Elis the more because hockey victories at Harvard's expense are few and far between. Harvard, triumphant over McGill and Toronto, was picked by the cognoscenti to trim an admittedly great Yale six, but the cog slipped.

Harvard's team slumped after a prolonged mid-year lay-off; Yale's sextet improved steadily following the recovery of Captain Luce. Scores of 5 to 1 and 3 to 1 are sufficiently conclusive to discount any element of luck. Speed decided the issue. The Yale skaters were too fast for their heavier Crimson rivals. As Coach York of Yale had predicted, the new hockey code allowed individual brilliancy freer scope while somewhat offsetting tight-knit team work. Har-

Underwood

THORPE, DITCH DIGGER

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vard attacked consistently, but Yale caged the puck eight times to the Crimson's two via sudden counter sallies.

You may be surprised to know that ice hockey now ranks third among major sports as far as Harvard and Yale student and graduate interest is concerned. It has superseded baseball in gate-pulling power, and is topped only by football and rowing. College baseball is tottering toward oblivion.

▶▶*Overemphasis Abroad*

Rugby football, it seems, can be as rough as our own homicidal game. As played by the French, rugger savors of mayhem. At least that's what the British charge in threatening to break off football relations with their Gallic neighbors. This transchannel scrap has a reminiscent flavor. It reminds us of the late lamented Harvard-Princeton rupture, with its diverting concomitants in the shape of signet rings and *Lampoon* cartoons.

In Uruguay, I might add, the soccer authorities have had to build a barbed wire fence around the field to keep playful spectators from tossing bricks and bombs among the contestants. Overemphasis? Americans don't know what it means!

George Trevor.

Slide-Rule Hawks—Speed Demon

(Continued from Page 433)

ing this time he "almost" made a fortune in the ranching business, "almost" flew a bandit general out of the country with half a million dollars his would-be passenger planned to collect from the government in his own inimitable way. Like most barnstormers, Hawks ended up by leaving the country as poor as he went into it.

His first airplane flight was with one of the Christofferson brothers at Long Beach, California, when Hawks was still a high-school boy. Already, Hawks had spent one or two summers in a stock company and was such a good actor he successfully posed as a newspaper reporter looking for a free ride in order to write up the aviator and his plane. Afterward, tortured by a guilty conscience, he confessed the deception and offered to "work out" his fare, with the result that he became Christofferson's assistant thereafter, got many free rides and a certain amount of flying instruction. When the United States went to war, Hawks enlisted in aviation and ended as the dean of a school for instructors at Brooks Field, Texas.

Hawks has rather definite ideas as to the practical value of his spectacularly swift flights. He makes no pretense that their immediate effect is not to keep himself and his company before the public, but he is, at heart, one of aviation's crusaders, who sees himself as a pioneer, blazing new trails on the ever-advancing aeronautical frontier; whose startling rate of travel today will be the standard cruising speed of tomorrow. His little plane, if he wished to load it up, could take more dispatches than any pony express rider of old, and he firmly believes it the forerunner of regular transport planes carrying mail and passengers at 200 miles an hour, and designers, who, a few years ago, would have said that he was crazy, are now beginning to talk in the same terms.

That, in addition to being an excellent pilot, Hawks has worth-while ideas in aerodynamics is attested by the manner in which he "cleaned up" the design of his present air speedster when it was returned to the factory for repairs after its first test flight. Indeed, Hawks's passion for streamlines cost him his chance of winning last year's speed classic at the National Air Races in Chicago. He had "doped" a piece of linen over the cowling aperture that gives access to the gasoline filler cap on his ship, in order to reduce air resistance and increase speed. But the unforeseen result was that in high-speed flight a partial vacuum was built up around the gasoline vent in the filler cap and fuel would not flow to the engine.

Hawks is thirty-four years old this year. For all his aviation achievements he is still a happy-go-lucky, hail-fellow-well-met pilot with a mischievous twinkle in his eye, who is one of the crowd's moving spirits wherever airmen meet. He is a member of the secret organization of flyers known as the Quiet Birdmen and of the National Air Pilots' Association, but he has so far escaped membership in the Caterpillar Club, being one of that brand of pilots who might have used a parachute on several occasions but elected to stick by the ship.

The strain and fatigue usually associated with long flights is largely dissipated by the frequent halts he makes in his little ship, Hawks insists. During the ten or fifteen minutes that it takes mechanics to fill his fuel tanks, Hawks is out of the ship, walking around to relieve cramped muscles, studying weather reports ahead, munching a sandwich or absorbing a cup of coffee. His pilot's cockpit is comfortable, tailored to his measure and fitted with a sliding windshield that converts it at will into a closed-cabin affair so that Hawks flies in more ease and security than the average driver of a car.

Through a Glass Darkly

From Events of the Week in the Outlook of March 21, 1951

Captain Rush N. Eagels told an interviewer that on his 24-hour round-the-globe flights he frequently breakfasted on sausages and griddle cakes in Chicago, had a goulash luncheon in Budapest, and ate rice for supper in Tokyo.

"Many of our holdings could not be worked at a profit," said the general manager of the Andean Gold Mining Corporation at a banquet of the Air Freight Managers Society, "until the weight-carrying airplane was fully developed."

Ex-president Robinson indignantly denied negotiating with a newspaper and radio syndicate. "In 1949, at the end of my term in the White House," he said, "I retired from politics for good."

The Patient is Always Wrong

(Continued from Page 431)

Suppose, as happened to a friend of mine recently, a patient wants to pay for the privilege of lying on his back for three or four days and nights while a troublesome gash in his knee heals. For the privilege of lying on a hospital bed at a fair enough rate he will first have to answer as many questions as if he were applying for a passport to Russia—all of which takes the time of an overworked staff. Or suppose he has dyspepsia, or appendicitis, or a broken rib. He may become the experiment and testing station for all the curiosity seekers among the hospital's medical staff. Doctors in one hospital are preparing 100 "projects" which are to be worked out through statistics and tests on patients. God pity the patient who thinks he can get a rest in that hospital!

The truth of the matter is that the scientific approach to life is not enough when human beings are being approached, and that hospitals are not yet recognizing the full value of combining the psychological approach with it. Or is it that they are so used to treating charity patients, who are grateful for a clean sheet, that they forget that the private room patient has no reason whatsoever to be grateful for the clean bed linen he is paying for and has always been accustomed to? Psychologically a 6 a.m. bath and a clean sheet means something to the sick man who cannot or does not want to pay for them; but they can be nothing more than an irritant to a patient who knows that common sense and his own well-being dic-

(Please Turn to Page 447)

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The New Books

Foch

FOR roughly four hundred years, from 300 to 700 A.D., the Goths, as the Germans were then called, waged war on Europe with especial reference to Italy, France, and Spain. It was the longest battle known to what passes as history. Nothing came of it other than the alignment of nationalities in Europe which has been preserved to this very day, and Gothic architecture which, though the Goths had nothing to do with it, was called Gothic in order to distinguish it from such architecture as the then Italians, French, and Spaniards had favored.

Of this fighting we know virtually nothing. We have no idea as to how Theodoric looked, or how Belisarius conducted himself when on leave, or what Witegis did when the Supreme Command of his day was embarrassed because of the hard-headedness of whoever was the Pershing of the time.

How different today! The incidents of the World War have been related, described, interpreted, photographed, dramatized and otherwise memorialized until it would seem that there is nothing new to say. We know how everybody and everything looked. But there will be new tellers of this tale so long as the tides roll in and out, and men differ as to the motives of men. In fact the real chiefs are just beginning to tell their side of the story. General Pershing has already been syndicated; Marshal Foch synchronizes perfectly with his comrade in *The Memoirs of Marshal Foch* (Doubleday, Doran $5).

Foch's is a book of ravishing fascination. Col. T. Bentley Mott, the translator, leads off with a preface of his own in which he throws unfamiliar light on Foch, including the statement that in establishing headquarters Foch always insisted on steam heat, being unwilling to work except in an over-heated room. Steam heat in France! The Colonel's translation, incidentally, is quite everything that any one could wish.

There are two kinds of material in the book: the general or human, and the actual technical descriptions of the fifty-two months of battles. The latter are done with a care that only a trained soldier is apt to display but they do not exactly overwhelm the casual reader with interest. Battle maps, communiqués, general orders, take up about one-half of the total space. These could well be placed in the curricula of university R.O.T.C.'s with the idea that the men read, ponder, and inwardly digest them. To the average R.O.T.C.'ite they would be about as fetching as calculus when well taught or as logic when badly taught, but a study of them would be of more value to the victims than the proverbial formation between the halves of the big game.

As to the other half of the material—Marshal Foch is dead. Peace to his ashes and respect, yea even reverence to his memory, for he was one of the great soldiers born of the World War. But a layman (though a layman who served everywhere possible, from the War College on the Potomac to the Army of Occupation) must be allowed his say.

Unless French historians, who know more about the subject than Foch did, are in error, Napoleon did not change his tactics every ten years. It is sheer nonsense to say that the Germans had been manufacturing war material "for many years" previous to August, 1914. Foch of all men should know that a rifle is nearly as delicate as a violin and that an old one won't shoot after a very short while. Powder moulds and artillery gets cranky when unused. The Germans had about exhausted their supply of ready-made munitions in October, 1914.

Foch was riding one day in an automobile with Joffre when, as a result of an accident, Joffre received some bruises while Foch came off unhurt. Foch then took his case in his own hands and wrote to the government, without sending the letter through military channels, asking what would happen in case Joffre (then in command) were permanently disabled. His point was as unmistakable as the mud around Bar-le-Duc. The government informed Foch that such a contingency had been provided for. This displeased Foch, and when he heard that Gallieni was to get the potential job, he roared against the politicians who make political appointments. Unless Foch knew direct from his God that he was called to save France, the Joffre-Foch-Gallieni incident was in bad taste.

Some will be surprised to see Foch studying war as a great institution, honorable in all its parts and to be expected with rather regular frequency. And some will be even more surprised to see Foch publish entirely that unearthly long letter that Clemenceau wrote him asking him (Foch) to get rid of Pershing, by fair means or foul and at once, on the ground that he was merely marking time and confusing the issue by his unique stubbornness and failure to obey commands. You put two and two together and see that Foch did not publish this letter in order to hurt Pershing but to hurt Clemenceau, for whom his affection was as tenuous as his admiration was partial. But the letter somehow hurts.

We cannot expect, finally, the Generalissimo of the Allied Armies to do anything but place the whole of the war-guilt on the Germans. But Foch's reasoning is appalling. He claims that, given ten more years, and the Germans would have been all over the world industrially and commercially, and "humanity would have been in shackles." Note that Foch says not a word in this connection about armies. Is it possible therefore that the Marshal of France could not see that the World War was something of a political nature, as to its origins, and that guilt in politics is as impossible of location as a cancer germ?

Regarding the original war between the Germanic and the Romance nations of Europe we know next to nothing; regarding the last one between the same belligerents we know next to everything. Let us hope that our immense information makes for peace.

ALLEN W. PORTERFIELD.

Most Discussed Books

This list of ten best-selling books is compiled from reports sent to the Outlook each week by wire from the following representative bookshops:

BRENTANO'S, *New York;* SCRANTOMS, INC., *Rochester;* KORNER & WOOD, *Cleveland;* SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY, *St. Louis;* KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., *Denver;* TEOLIN PILLOT CO., *Houston;* PAUL ELDER & CO., *San Francisco;* NORMAN REMINGTON CO., *Baltimore;* EMERY BIRD THAYER, *Kansas City;* MILLER'S BOOK STORE, *Atlanta;* BULLOCK'S, *Los Angeles;* STEWART KIDD, *Cincinnati;* J. K. GILL, CO., *Portland, Oregon;* JOHN WANAMAKER, *Philadelphia;* THE OLD CORNER BOOK STORE INC., *Boston, Massachusetts.*

Fiction

The Sophisticates, by Gertrude Atherton: Liveright. Clever but trifling tale of the "sophisticated" attitude toward murder. Reviewed March 11.

The Good Earth, by Pearl S. Buck: John Day. A simple and dignified story of a Chinese family and their devotion to the land. Reviewed March 18.

The Bridge of Desire, by Warwick Deeping: McBride. Deeping's sensible if not original ideas about marriage and divorce in a machine-made story. Reviewed in this issue.

Grand Hotel, by Vicki Baum: Doubleday Doran. A fine translation of a German novel, the dramatization of which is Broadway's favored child. Reviewed January 7.

Back Street, by Fannie Hurst: Cosmopolitan. Striking characterizations and heavy sob-stuff in a dramatic story of a rich man's faithful mistress. Reviewed January 28.

Non-Fiction

Education of a Princess, by Marie, Grand Duchess of Russia: Viking Press. The autobiography of the first cousin to Russia's last Czar. Reviewed January 7.

Hard Lines, by Ogden Nash: Simon & Schuster. Riotous light verse, much of which has appeared in the New Yorker. Reviewed January 28.

The Memoirs of Marshal Foch: Doubleday, Doran. Reviewed in this issue.

Boners, by Dr. Seuss and A. Abingdon: Viking. A sparkling little book of amusing mistakes. Reviewed March 11.

Lincoln the Man, by Edgar Lee Masters: Dodd, Mead. A partisan rather than judicial biography. Reviewed February 18.

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The Week's Reading

"THE GRASS ROOF" by Younghill Kang (Scribner's $3). When Kang was a boy in the Village of the Pine Trees, a community consisting of his relatives, he wrote verse and hoped to be a professional poet, then a large but unlucrative profession in Korea. With Japanese domination the hope fled. But he longed for culture and to learn about Western ideas. He spent a year in jail for taking part in the futile resistance of Korea to Japan, but his youth was mainly devoted to study and teaching. Ten years in America have made him a specialist and lecturer on Oriental subjects, especially the Eastern languages and literature—a notable record for a boy born in a grass-roofed village. Particularly delightful is his account of child life in that village; sometimes in its legends, poetical imagery, clan organization, and remoteness from modernity, it reminds one of early Greece. Mr. Kang tells the story familiarly and pleasantly. The book is not fiction, but it has some of the lure of story-telling. On the more serious side, one notes especially the author's comparative study of Japanese, Chinese, and Korean temperament and nature. Thus, he says that Lafcadio Hearn was disillusioned of the Japanese "flattering ways" before he died; that the Chinese child "has so many hollows in his heart that if he is bad he is bad and if he is good he is good, and you will never find it out; whereas a baby Jap will be as transparent as a piece of clear silk;" and that the Korean is not given to cooperation or to hard work—"he would rather lie in the sun and dream." An unusual and readable book.

"THE EMPEROR KARL" by Arthur, Count Polzer-Hoditz (Houghton, Mifflin $5). This is an important and well authenticated contribution not only to Austrian but also to European history in the last quarter century. Count Polzer-Hoditz was private secretary to the Archduke Karl Franz Joseph before the death of the old Emperor. When the Archduke became Emperor, the Count was made Director of the Private Office, with full access to the most intimate and secret documents. He does not abuse the confidence imposed upon him, but it is quite clear that he is extremely well informed. Naturally the general reader will not care so much as will the student of international affairs for the intricate political history that followed the end of the war; but there are also abundant passages dealing with the personal and human side. One need not be a diplomat to appreciate what he tells about the assassination at Sarrajevo; or the story of Johann Orth; or the author's private knowledge as to the death of the Crown Prince and his mistress (the Meyerling affair); or Germany's (the Kaiser's) urging Austria to severity against Servia, or the fact that the old Emperor (Franz Joseph) said of the war just before his death "I'll look on for another three months, and then I'll put an end to it;" or the singular fact that when Princip (the murderer of the Archduke at Sarrajevo) died in prison, and his body was finally turned over to his friends for burial it was widely known and proven that the body was not that of Princip at all. The author says that as late as July 23, 1914, the German Kaiser agreed with the view that impossible demands must be made from Serbia that she "must be made to eat humble pie." We may add one personal incident that leaves a pleasant impression of Emperor Karl. The old Emperor was lying in state: "That same morning there came to the Palace of Schonbrunn Frau Katharine Schratt, the woman who had brightened the last days of this sorely afflicted monarch with her kindliness and her inexhaustible humor, and kept his friendship by tact and unselfishness. All the dignitaries of the Empire had paid her homage while her great protector was still alive. Now they tried to keep her from the bier of the dead Emperor. Heartbroken and bowed with grief, she was standing in the ante-room of the death-chamber, when the Emperor Karl saw her. He went straight up to her, offered her his arm, and led her up to the bier of her dead friend."—R. D. T.

"SCENES and Portraits" by Frederic Manning (Charles Scribner's Sons $2.50). Imaginary conversations between persons long dead whose opinions have become immortal yield a thin juice. Their aroma is faint. Inevitably, they sit like marble effigies of themselves, while the cold stream of their eloquence falls, too limpid, too perfectly articulate, around you. Yet some refreshment might be found in this book of Mr. Manning's where Socrates and Euripides quibble over God, where Francis of Assisi matches the Pope's wit with his innocence, and where, in Corinth, a Roman sceptic seeks consolation in Paul's

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fanaticism. An authentic atmosphere tinges the scenes with classic colors. The ideas are set forth in a luminous, simple style and, because they grew out of the most highly developed minds of the past, they continue to be important, pointed, and applicable to a modern, philosophical outlook. Only in the last essay, however, where the author makes his "Apologia Dei," does his vitality translate itself to the pages. Here, apostrophizing Satan, he sums up his own eternal uncertainty and the paradox which is good and evil, god and the devil. The body of the book, delicately and precisely imagined as it is, leaves you with the feeling of a message from the grave. It is destined, perhaps, to assuage those who prefer to buy a bottle of orangeade to squeezing the oranges.

"They That Go Down in Ships" by Marguerite Steen (Cosmopolitan Book Corporation $2). With pots of ale and good round oaths, with sailors' wenches and ships' scavengers, with the filth of the Liverpool docks in 1800 for background, Miss Steen writes the story of a poor girl's rise to glory. Her careful accuracy in language and ambiance, her description of the Battle of Trafalgar with the death of its one-eyed hero, clothe the book in history's fancy dress. Jane Carradus, fair daughter of a sailor's widow, spends her childhood scouting the docks for adventure. When Paul Knox, the son of the town's moral leper, is found half dead in the bottom of a boat, she forces her mother to house and feed him. She decides, at the age of eleven, that she loves him. Six years later he disappears. Jane finds a young officer to support her in London. She becomes a lady, then marries. She still adheres, however, to her dream of the puny waif, Paul. Meanwhile, he is pressed into service in the navy and suffers one nameless horror upon another's heel. When at last he comes to the port where Jane has built a sailor's home to his memory, he goes mad and gives himself up for a murder committed long ago. The mystic lovers never meet. There is a certain revival of lusty living in Miss Steen's book which gives it the glow of excitement. But when the lamps expire, on the last page, you realize that the illusion has not held. You have been to a costume ball.—V. P. R.

"The Bridge of Desire" by Warwick Deeping (McBride $2). This novel, which your reviewer suspects Mr. Deeping of having reached down into the sermon-barrel for, is a performance of painted, wooden figures. Martin is a writer, and Nella is his wife. He is a genius, but she is the nurse of his inspiration. They are a happy couple. But the dangerous years arrive when "the beast" in Martin will have its fling. There is a female at hand, Judith, as boisterous a siren as you would want to meet. She enthralls Martin and they are off to the continent together. But Nella is true blue. All ends well in a villa on the Italian Riviera. The various characters express, at all times, Mr. Deeping's sensible ideas about sex problems. Your reviewer is no great admirer of Warwick Deeping's work; and this novel is surely not one of his best.

"Out of Soundings" by H. M. Tomlinson (Harper $4). This volume of essays and sketches was received here too late for detailed review. It will be welcomed by all who cherish fine prose. From a reviewer's point of view the most interesting of the essays is that on War Books, written as it is by the author of one of the best of them. All the sketches have that overtone of awareness, that echo out of space, that distinguishes Tomlinson's work.—F. L. R.

Behind the Blurbs

Queen Lotisca of Hiltoros was about to wed Ivan of Krantzia, when along came Capt. Barola with a parcel of letters the Queen had written him in her romantic, pre-queen days, and, says he: "Gimme the queen or I'll publish the letters and split the country wide open!" So the Chancellor hired a perfect stranger, the English Hugh Garrick, to run down Barola. (All this is in *Queen's Mate*[1].) Hugh didn't speak Hiltoran very well, but both friends and enemies evidently had a tacit agreement not to notice any little slips he made, so he was able to disguise himself, and get into fights, and fall in love, and—oh, you know the kind of thing. A good slap-dash, carelessly written tale that will keep you on the *qui vive* if you're not too finicky. ☙ ☙ ☙ The layman's curiosity is often aroused on hearing lawyers speak of Benjamin N. Cardozo, chief judge of the New York Court of Appeals. Scholarly, modest, charming, liberal—a master of English—the most distinguished jurist in America—and so on. One may get a taste of the quality of Judge Cardozo in *Law and Literature and Other Essays and Addresses*[2]. He will find a judge who, instead of merely laying down the law, charms and persuades; who writes about judicial style with precision and delicate irony; who addressing the Academy of Medicine, expresses the fullness of his belief that "a day not far remote the teachings of biochemists and behaviorists, psychiatrists and penologists, will transform our whole system of punishment for crime. ☙ ☙ Mrs. Chabon, who had divorced Cramer to marry her magnate, wasn't a very nice person. Neither was her brother Carson nor her lover, Neill. So when Mr. C. was shot and all three of them came under suspicion, we weren't much worried. The name of the book is *M*[3], just like that. ☙ ☙ ☙ The story of *The Pinkerton* has been written by Richard Wilmer Rowan, and very interesting it is. Starting in the '40's, this young cooper from Glasgow began with a little amateur sleuthing which brought him to the attention of the Chicago authorities, when for a time he was the only detective. His subsequent career and that of the agency which he founded are full of true detective stories. The secret service work during the Civil War, the breaking up of the Molly Maguires and of the Reno gang are fine examples of the sort of thing the Pinkertons are famous for. We liked this book and recommend it.

Walter R. Brooks.

1. By Herbert Adams: Lippincott, $2.00.
2. Harcourt, $3.00.
3. By Leonard Falkner: Holt, $2.00.
4. Little Brown, $3.00.

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Religion's Voice

As Heard in Recent Books

PROFESSOR EINSTEIN'S recent visit has been in the nature of a triumphal tour. While few have pretended to understand just what it is he has done to our conceptions of the universe we have all wanted to know what he thought about everything else. In a well-timed little book he now gives us his views about religion. Its title is *Cosmic Religion* (Covici Friede). There is little in it of comfort to the traditional religionist, for Einstein holds that "man acts in accordance with an inner and outer necessity. . . . as little responsible as an inanimate object is for the movements which it makes." His God is the God of Spinoza and his whole conception much the same. Another world celebrity who has been our recent guest is Rabindranath Tagore, the Indian poet and philosopher. He too has given us his views about religion in a book which is made up of his Hibbert lectures for 1930, *The Religion of Man* (Macmillan). This might very properly be read along with Einstein's book, for there is in it the record of a conversation between Tagore and Einstein on the subject of religion. However, his is incidental. As Tagore sees it the 'Spirit of Life began her chapter by introducing a simple living cell against the tremendously powerful challenge of the vast Inert." She brought these cells together and more and more she learned to control the "giant Matter." On and on she went winning new victories until at last she came to man and through him she is destined to attain complete triumph. In man there is creative personality which has ushered in a new régime in the Kingdom of life. Through these creative personalities which men possess they may attain vital unity with one another and the unity of the human race become an accomplished fact. This realizing of ourselves in others is the meaning of love. Such in broad outline is Tagore's view.

The view of the evolutionary process suggested by Tagore receives much fuller and more scientific treatment in two large volumes by Hugh W. Sanford called *Science and Faith* (Putnam). If any one desires to bring his physical science up to date and see something of where it is all tending we know of no work that will do it better. He does more than rehash their views of Jeans, Eddington and others, for he is an original thinker. He seeks to see the universe as fundamentally a monism but practically a dualism. He sees matter continually being acted upon by the ultimate force which brought it into being. Our whole physical world is soaked in a spiritual atmosphere. And he finds "not a materialistic God but one of spiritual power, one who can be and is the acceptable maker of our lives" and who shows his power even in the realms of physics.

But all of the above deal almost entirely with the theoretical side of religion. The practical man wants to know what good it is for the baffling problems of his every-day life. Particularly in these days of unemployment does he want to know what religion can do to achieve better economic order. In *Which Way Religion* (Macmillan) Professor Harry F. Ward, well known Christian sociologist and economist, discusses the rôle of the churches in the present economic impasse. He sees the world being rapidly divided into two camps, the owners and the workers, what the communists call the bourgeoisie and the proletariat. He is concerned as to the part religion and especially the Christian religion is to play in the years just ahead of us. Even more specifically is he concerned about the attitude to be taken by the Protestant churches. Will they seek to escape the ethical problem of our economic order by striving to forget it in beautifying their worship or turning their energy to the insoluble cosmological problem? The choice is now before the churches. It is likely that the battle will be lost but there is, in Professor Ward's opinion, some hope in a "minority in our churches who have the vision of an ethical religion along with the desire to realize it." It is with them that the future of American Protestantism lies hidden.

But of course what happens is going to be determined by the men who are doing the actual work of the churches. In *A Country Parson Looks at Religion* (Harpers) we have a sincere treatment of the difficulties and problems such men face. The author, Harold Adye Prichard, believes in the gospel of Christ, and his faith and words are a refreshing tonic. To quote, "Despite the stress of a distorted civilization, despite riches and pleasure and materialism. . . . Christianity can be lived today." But when he says, "Who will show us the way?" we reply, let such pastors as himself give the signal to advance. There will be followers enough.

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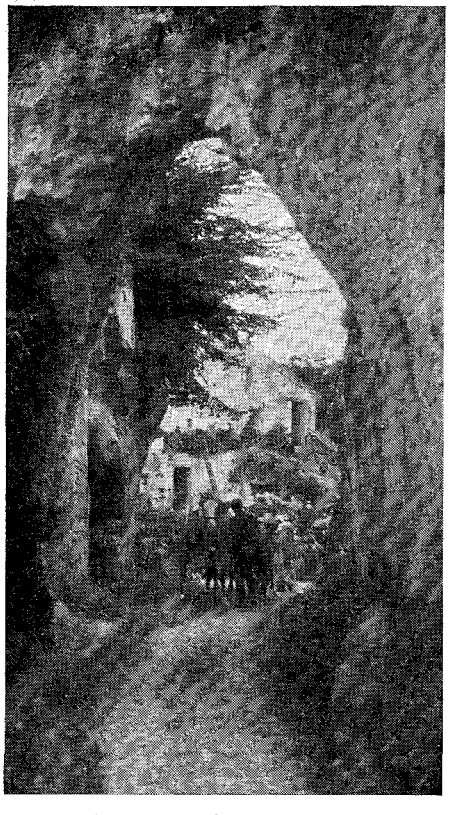

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The New Movies

By CREIGHTON PEET

"Tabu"

F. W. MURNAU, who was killed in a motor accident about a week before *Tabu,* his latest film, opened in New York, was one of the few really great directors. When Hollywood unceremoniously kicked him out in 1928 after discovering that the director of *The Last Laugh, Faust,* and *Sunrise* was "artistic" and fatally "highbrow," Mr. Murnau took Robert Flaherty (who made *Moana*) aboard his yacht and left for the South Seas. *Tabu,* a silent film with an excellent musical score, is the result. It is filled with a primitive, joyous beauty—a beauty of brown bodies flashing through crystal-clear water, of sand and sunlight and lovely young faces with very white teeth and very black hair. *Tabu* tells the tragic story of a boy and a girl who are separated when the chief of all the islands chooses the girl to be tabu—a tribal custom. They run away, but are pursued from island to island until the old chief finally overtakes them. There are almost no sub-titles and no professional actors in this film.

Worth Seeing

Cimarron: Some American history which is actually interesting and exciting—early days in Oklahoma.
City Lights: Charlie Chaplin is still a bum and still the most popular figure on the screen.
Dishonored: Marlene Dietrich does beautifully in a foolish spy story.
Inspiration: There is but one Greta Garbo—and what cad dares say otherwise?
Rango: Charming pictures of monkeys and apes dodging tigers in Sumatra.
Trader Horn: Wild adventures in Africa centering about Nina, the mysterious white goddess.

Other New Films

Body and Soul: War story of the jolly-romp school.
June Moon: Unusually amusing comedy with Jack Oakie as an incipient song writer.
Such is Life: First Greek talkie (made in Manhattan). Pretty awful.
Ten Cents a Dance: Barbara Stanwyck's fine performance makes this seem better than it is. The dance hall hostess goes off with the millionaire when the "poor but honest" husband turns out to be a crook.
Treason Trial: A talkie newsreel (in Russian) of the trial of the eight Soviet engineers.

Trans-Lux

The week after the Fox Corporation announced its theatres must not show newsreels of a "controversial nature . . . . on which reaction might be divided," two ex-Fox newsreel men opened the first of a chain of newsreel theatres to show a compilation of the Paramount, Pathé and Universal news pictures. Cortlandt Smith, experienced newspaperman, until recently editor of the Fox reel and now editor of the Pathé service, heads the Trans-Lux theatres. He believes the American public is interested in controversy, and will edit his films accordingly. He is assisted by Jack Connolly, European "correspondent" who secured screen interviews with Bernard Shaw, King Alphonso and other notables. This first Trans-Lux house will be the second all-newsreel theatre in New York. Plans are made to open two more within a month, and if all goes well the chain will extend to even the smallest cities.

The Trans-Lux theatre has distinctive features. Installed in an ordinary rented store space, it eliminates a heavy real estate investment. If a newsreel theatre does not pay on one corner, it can move and let a drug store or haberdashery use the space. There are one hundred and sixty seats. The show costs a quarter and lasts about forty-five minutes. Projection is from the rear of the screen, but due to the "Trans-Lux" screen there is no glare of light from the machine. Also, the auditorium is at all times light enough to read a newspaper, so that no ushers are necessary, another economy in a tiny theatre.

Strangers May Kiss

We-girls' love problems have been gone into pretty thoroughly in the past six months, but Norma Shearer's sufferings undoubtedly make the best show of the lot. *Strangers May Kiss* seems destined to be one of the "big money" films of the year. For one thing, Ursula Parrott (who also wrote *Ex-Wife*) is talking about 1931 people, who are at all times more probable and more pertinent than those in *East Lynne.* Norma Shearer is a modern young lady who wants to "lead her own life," and so has an affair with Neil Hamilton, a newspaper correspondent. When he goes to Mexico on a story, she goes with him—but when he is called away, she goes all to pieces. Next we see her in Paris trying to forget, and finally becoming a notorious character. There is something a little forced and melodramatic in Miss Shearer's extreme abandon, but her "sufferings" are cannily calculated to enthral the feminine movie audience. Dressed in expensive clothes she spends her days pushing her way through crowds of adoring and fascinated males. Being bad may have its price, but it is a lot of fun too. Eventually, of course, Mr. Hamilton is brought to the point of matrimony, but not without some competition from Robert Montgomery who had been talking of marriage from the first.

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Music

Notable New Recordings

POLYDOR, that enterprising and technically efficient German recording firm so many of whose disks are familiar to American listeners through the Brunswick re-pressings, has recently started something which seems to me an excellent idea. Hermann Weigert and Hans Maeder have been preparing special abridged versions of operas and operettas for phonographic purposes. The interpretative artists are members of the Berlin State Opera Company, and their handling of music and dialogue alike is a sheer delight. The language is German, but so skilled is the presentation of the condensed action that with the aid of the synopsis, printed in four languages, no one need fear not understanding it. These are not just selections from operas and operettas, but are complete in themselves and have perfectly clear continuity.

The latest of the condensed operettas to appear at the local importers' is Emmerich Kalman's masterpiece, *The Gypsy Princess*[1]. The four double-sided twelve-inch disks make up a thoroughly entertaining three-quarters of an hour's amusement, especially for those who feel that without the costumes and scenery to help them along much of the average opera is pretty dull on the phonograph. In this set the diction is particularly admirable.

That would seem to bring us to Victor's latest complete opera on records, Mascagni's *Cavalleria Rusticana*[2]. Although inferior to the Polydor-Berlin State Opera work, there are no doubt many lovers of typical Italian music who will welcome this spirited rendition by the Scala operatic troupe of Milan.

Another importation with which I can find no fault is Bruno Walter's recording for the English Columbia Company of the waltzes from the *Rosenkavalier*[3]. No matter how many times you have heard this lovely music of Richard Strauss or what records of it you may have already, I'm sure you will not be disappointed in this disk as played by Herr Walter and the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. It shows most clearly why this music appeals both to the most critical musician and to people who "don't know anything about music, but know what they like." Presumably Columbia will eventually issue it here, but you won't regret it if you anticipate that action by ordering it from an importer now.

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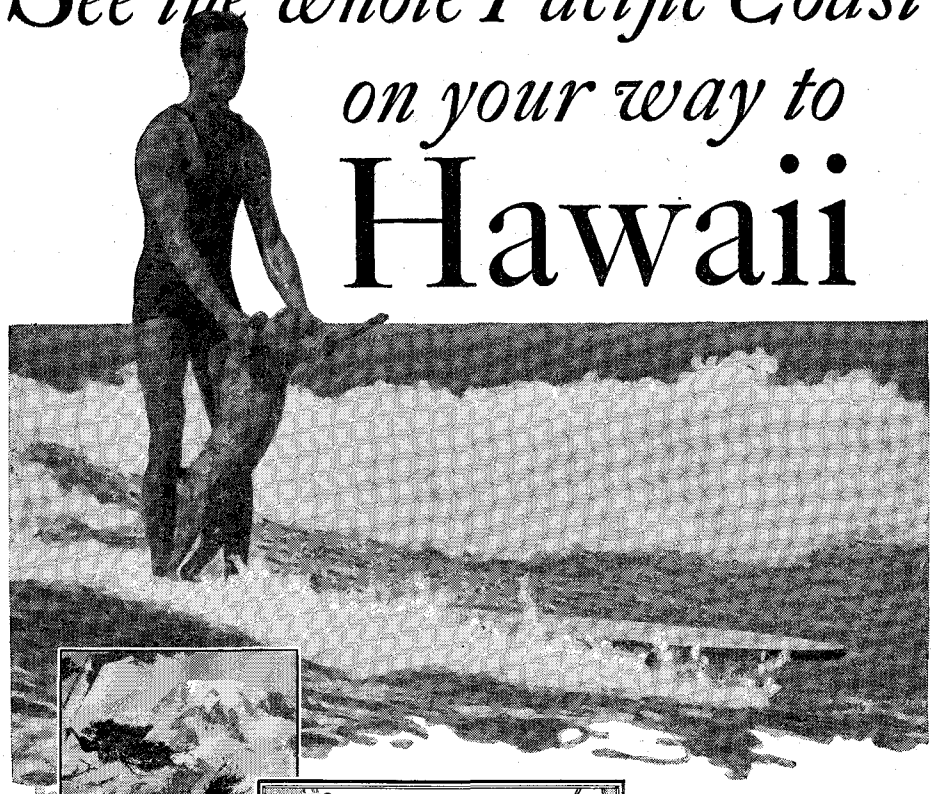

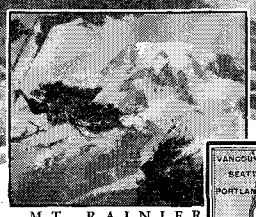
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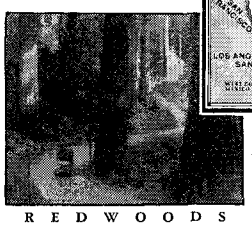
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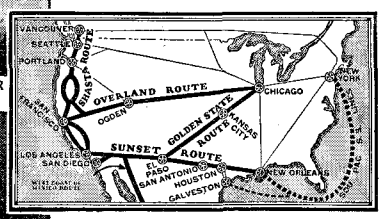

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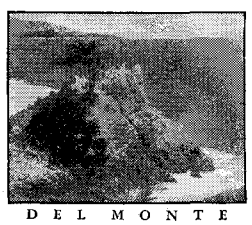
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The Latest Plays

By OTIS CHATFIELD-TAYLOR

PROFESSIONAL moralists who meddle with the affairs of the theatre on the theory that the public wants dirty plays and that they (the moralists) have been divinely appointed to see that it doesn't get them may have had a considerable shock the last couple of weeks. If any of the snoopers have been observing what's been going on outside of their own slimy minds, they will have seen a striking demonstration of the fact that what the public wants is good plays well done, regardless of the presence or absence of "spice."

A clumsy attempt at hot stuff, *A Woman Denied,* with Mary Nash, has been left severely alone by the ticket purchasers, while, in addition to *Give Me Yesterday* and *As Husbands Go,* of which I wrote last week, the list of clean shows in real demand has been augmented by a play so immaculate in its conception and its fulfilment that even though two acts of it take place on a South Sea island, at the end of three years in the tropics the castaways have only just got around to talking about marriage! And one of them is a minister of the gospel!!

The Admirable Crichton, almost needless to say, is the play. Critical pundits of the daily papers went to a great deal of bother to point out the obvious in learned and involved sentences. In the thirty years since its original production the play has "dated." The war has filled the world with Admirable Crichtons. Sir James Barrie's construction and pointing for situations are too apparent. Etc., etc., etc. At the risk of being as naïvely obvious as the rest of them, I would like to point out that as long as there are any social distinctions at all, *The Admirable Crichton* will retain enough of its point to make it worth seeing—especially for those who can appreciate Barrie's neatness and delicacy of phrasing the English language. With the exception of Fay Bainter, who plays Lady Mary with all the proper satiric sparkle, the cast of the present revival is competent rather than brilliant. It includes Walter Hampden, Effie Shannon, Estelle Winwood and Herbert Druce. Mr. George Tyler's production is nice to look at, and it is pleasant to be able to report that in spite of the patronizing criticisms of the *intelligentsia* the steadily mounting box-office receipts of *The Admirable Crichton* indicate an active demand for a piece written and presented with good taste.

The House Beautiful is another play conspicuous for its purity and containing much sound dramatic stuff—played by an excellent cast. Never actually dull, owing perhaps to the conviction with which the cast is able to read the nauseatingly platitudinous lines, Mr. Channing Pollock's sermon in three acts and goodness knows how many scenes nevertheless failed to convince me for an instant. From the standpoint of technique the whole cast, particularly Mary Phillips and Reed Brown, Jr., the director, Worthington Miner, and Jo Mielziner, who designed the settings, are to be congratulated.

Napi, in which the brilliant *farceur,* Ernest Truex, is appearing, starts with an amusing enough notion of a dry goods clerk who is Napoleon's double being sent to give *congé* to an actress-mistress of whom the emperor has tired. Instead of leaving at once, he stays in Mlle. George's apartment all night, with the imperial coach waiting without. So far, so good. But the complications which arise are so far-fetched and such heavy-handed attempts are made to be suggestive that even the resourceful Truex cannot make the thing stretch out satisfactorily over an evening. Even the most superficial student of history will be irritated by the fact that none of the illustriously named characters ever behaves in the least as the real Josephine, Duroc or Dr. Corvisart could have, and it is surely unnecessary to have a supposed actress of the *Comédie Française* pronounce "etiquette" as "edicutt." *Napi* isn't ever funny enough to make one forget such things.

Recommended Current Shows

As Husbands Go: Rachel Crothers' urbane and amusing comedy of Dubuque ladies in Paris and at home.
Civic Repertory: Unfortunately in their last weeks before closing for a year.
Five Star Final: A melodrama with a message that is really exciting.
Girl Crazy: Willie Howard and Ethel Merman doing right by Gershwin tunes.
Give Me Yesterday: A. A. Milne fantasy carefully produced.
Grand Hotel: Thrilling importation from Germany with a revolving stage.
Mrs. Moonlight: If you're not ashamed to be sentimental.
Oh, Promise Me: Rough and ready slapstick for the none too squeamish.
Once in a Lifetime: Moss Hart is about to spell George Kaufmann. It'll still be good.
Private Lives: Perfection in light comedy by Noel Coward with him and Gertrude Lawrence.
Sweet and Low: They've plugged the tunes too much on the radio, but there are some laughs, too.
The Barretts of Wimpole Street: Unevenly cast and directed but always interesting. Katharine Cornell is exquisite.
The Green Pastures: Compassionate negro miracle play. Second year.
Tomorrow and Tomorrow: Herbert Marshall is especially good in Philip Barry's best play.
Vinegar Tree: Mary Boland's memory goes back on her as to with whom she had had an affair.

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From the Life

By IBBY HALL

The Interruption

THE OFFICE buildings were stone-quiet at last. The crowds had fled uptown, downtown, east and west. It was that moment of the day when a city drug store catches its breath in relief and exhales it on a sigh of sadness. In another minute business must begin again—meanwhile let there be melancholy.

The proprietor of the drug store stared through the plate glass window at the slowly darkening skyline of the city. He was an imaginative man. He liked, at this exact moment of the day, to reflect upon grandeur and the flight of time. Outside rose the city, pale and mysterious in the dusk; the buildings floated intangible as clouds against the receding blue, melting into the air (he told himself) as they would one day dissolve into time. But inside this small shop (he reflected) stood himself, the eternal product of an ancient troubled race, a people with no soil, no rock to build upon—no sceptre and no power. Only their ideas and their imagination would go on building and rising above the world—slowly—patiently. The door of the drug store opened sharply and his mind that had been disclosing a great new city jumped suddenly and stepped behind the counter. It was too bad. These were the moments when he caught life like a fly and imprisoned it in amber. When he beheld the truth, more solid than the world around him. And now the moment was gone—the customer might just as well have whisked it from his pocket. No, not quite. He would get back to it, or find another like it. But he was annoyed, and had to remind himself rudely that business came first.

"Package iv coft-drupps," said the customer pleasantly, and then frowned as if trying to remember. "Razor blades, an' alcohol to be rubbin' wid," he added, "an' arr' ye afther havin' a good gar'rgle"?

The soda clerk cocked a sympathetic eye from behind the fountain, and the druggist reminded himself obediently that some one must be ill. He turned and glanced sadly over the shelves, swiftly producing the articles one by one. Then he tied the string deftly and handed the package across the counter.

"An' now," said the customer carelessly producing an automatic from his hip pocket, "will ye juist be walkin' to the back iv the store and takin' down yer pants"?

The proprietor looked violently at his customer. Sideways he could see the soda clerk flopped over the marble, his jaw hanging open. There was no help anywhere. He turned in rage but still with dignity, and walking to the back of the store started slowly to unbutton his trousers.

No sooner had he stepped out of them than the door opened sharply again and in walked a second customer.

"Hey youse," said the newcomer warningly to the soda clerk. "Stand back there beside yr'r old man." And to the first customer, reproachfully "Ye're never tellin' 'im to take his pants off? Sure, th' old man'll be catchin' his death o' cold," and marshalling the trembling clerk in front of him the second customer picked up the trousers sympathetically and rifled the pockets. "Fourteen berries," he counted solemnly and handed over the trousers with a flourish. "Put thim on, put thim on," he urged generously. Then, scowling at the soda clerk, "Take off yr'r own, an' ye know what's good fr'r ye."

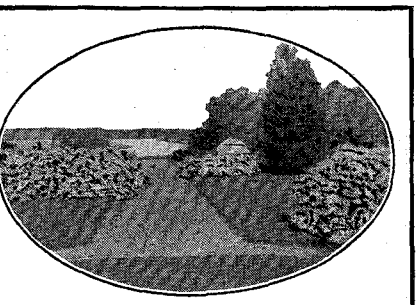
A third time the door opened and a timid old lady pushed inside. To the advancing men she spoke quaveringly. "I'm looking for a cough mixture, please."

"Ma'am," said the first one earnestly, "come in tomorrow. It's givin' it away free they'll be doin' tomorrow," and pausing only to hold the door for her retreating figure, they followed her politely into the street.

After a long moment the soda clerk, still minus his trousers, advanced cautiously to the center of the store.

"Look, will yuh!" he cried hoarsely, pointing to the cash register. "They never touched it. Nor the money in my pockets neither! Amachoors," he went on bitterly "They wasn't no robbers. They was on'y a coupla Irishmen!"

But the proprietor stood quite still, swallowing his chagrin. He would never get over this. Where had his wits been? There had been something on his mind —How had he ever let them get away with it? What the devil had he been thinking about?



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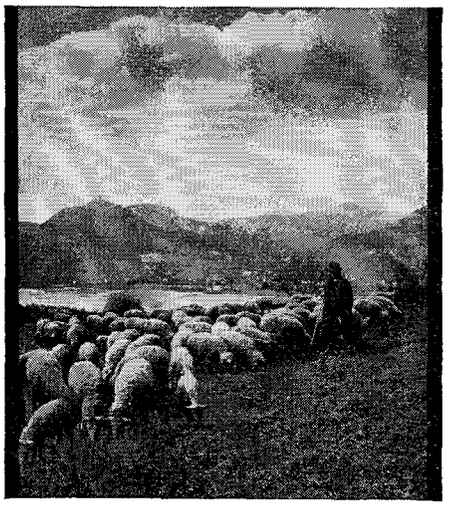

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▶▶ Prose and Worse ◀◀

OUT of Tibet comes Mr. Dingle with a message of hope. He has learned from the lamas—we always thought they were a kind of goat, but evidently we were wrong—the Oriental Secrets of Wisdom, and is prepared to teach them to us in his Mentalphysics School of Wisdom. This we learn from a letter signed "Joyously at your service" from the School secretary. Mr. Dingle—or Ding-Le-Mei, as he is poetically called among the lamas—offers us spiritual ease, bodily health and financial success. "Success IS yours—Health, Perfect Health and invigorating Youth, ARE yours—Happiness abounding IS yours .... more money IS yours .... ALL IS YOURS when you have the key that will unlock the great creative powers WITHIN YOU." And we needn't even attend his classes; it can all be done through a correspondence course.

Now we don't know how you feel about it, but in our opinion, that is a darn generous offer. A big offer. He has gone the etiquette, saxophone, French and personality courses considerably more than one better, for, if we understand him correctly, he practically includes them all. "A leader, throbbing with power"—that's what he says we can be. We'll be "full of intense personal magnetism which will enable us to direct human activities in line with our highest hope."

Of course, there's one flaw in all this. A leader is no good unless he has got somebody to lead, and if these Oriental Secrets of Wisdom get too generally known, we'll all be shepherds with no flocks. Intense personal magnetism will be everybody's stuff, and to let down for a second will be to fall hopelessly behind. With every one in this office throbbing with power, it will be no place to try to snatch a nap in the afternoon.

Mentioning naps at this point made us sleepy and we dropped off for a few moments. After all, is there anything pleasanter than that languor that steals over your senses when you shut your eyes and start to Think Things Out? We don't believe we really want to throb with power. These over-powered engines shake to pieces after a time. And contemplation is loftier than action any day. No, Mr. Dingle, you can keep your old Oriental secrets. It may be all right for the lamas over in Tibet where there's nothing else to do. They can take turns leading each other around over the Himalayas, and magnetizing each other. But there are too many things to look on at in America—movies and girl shows and the Wickersham Committee and so on. We've got enough high-pressure leaders throbbing around the country,—folks like Big Bill Thompson and Henry Ford and Calvin Coo—no, no! Hoover is president now, isn't he. What this country needs is more purposeless people, a big body of status quo-ites who will passively resist all activity of any kind. We are going to organize our own school, a School of Inertia, which will teach the great secret of Sitting Still. "Do you want to doze deliciously through long languorous days? Do you want to turn business depression from a source of worry into a source of joy? Do you want to conquer ambition and realize that success is a misfortune? Just write your name and address on the margin, tear out the page and mail it to this department with 25 cents. We will send you at once our pamphlet, which includes chapters on day dreaming, the unprofitable employment of leisure time, how to be happy though useless, and many other important facts."

. . . . .

Printers' Ink has lost a gold medal somewhere. You see, it was this way. The Harvard Advertising Awards for 1930 include some ten awards of $1000 each *and* a gold medal, the latter awarded to Mr. Frederick C. Kendall, editor of *Advertising and Selling*, for distinguished contemporary service to advertising. Now whether by accident, coincidence, oversight or design, the list of these awards given in the March *Printers' Ink* omitted the gold medal, omitted the name of the editor of the rival publication, which should, to our mind, have led all the rest. Very, very odd, you say? Indeed, yes. Dreadful carelessness on the part of some one. It might lead to the conclusion on the part of an unthinking public that *Printers' Ink* was a bit niggardly about bestowing honor where honor was due—unless, of course, due to *Printers' Ink*. And so, to make up for this lost medal, we are going to propose *Printers' Ink* as our candidate for the H. Meadowcroft Cup to be awarded for the most outstanding tactless omission of 1931. Mr. Meadowcroft has never provided the cup, of course, so that makes the omission complete all around.

. . . . .

We are indebted to Miss Margare F. Grant for the form of rejection sli we are now using in this column. No we're not going to tell you what it i If you want one, you'll have to submi something pretty rotten.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

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SKETCHING TOUR—Artists, teachers, one American, one French, will take a few talented girls to sketch with them in France. Visit Paris. Excellent references. Write MISS ALINE MACY, Park School of Buffalo, Snyder, N. Y.

WANTED—A CHOICE SOUL to tour Europe with us in our own private automobiles. Party limited to ten; two big luxurious limousines; two seats not yet taken. We sail June 5th; land at Gibraltar where our cars meet us; motor north through Spain, France, Switzerland to England. Then a 19 day cruise to the Land of the Midnight Sun. Arrive New York August 22. I used the cars this way last year and know what a glorious time we can have. Two months and a half of utter happiness. References exchanged. E. D. K., 73 Elm Street, Stamford, Conn.

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HOUSEKEEPER for small family or companion to lady, by American woman of education and refinement. 9652 Outlook and Independent.

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JUST-A-HOME for tiny tots. Excellent care while parents travel. Protestant. Flora Whitford, 942 Summer St., Stamford, Conn.

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te that he should be able to sleep at at moment.

Foolish questions ("What is your re-gion?" "What did your mother's great-andfather die of?"); senseless inter-ptions ("The doctors are working out me tests on cancer. I want to take me blood out of your left elbow. hat? Oh, no, no! They don't suspect ou of cancer"); failure to answer intelligently his own questions about his n illness being paid for by his own oney, and stupid regulations typified the modern hospital's attitude on bber sheets and hot-water bottles—all se have been the bane of many a back-re patient. But most heartily of all I ject to the fact that when I want to t like an intelligent human being who is ill and therefore easily irritated, the hospital makes me out wrong nine-tenths of the time merely because my normal desires happen to be upsetting to hospital routine and regulations. I must let the green, first-year nurse practice on me as well as on non-paying patients (I am not sick enough to be in danger of death, so what does it matter?), but by no means must I ask for a dish of ice-cream in the middle of the afternoon, or fall blissfully into a needed sleep over a book at 4:45 p.m., and not expect to have my supper tray appear promptly at five. If, against my will, they prepare me for bed before nine o'clock, and then, at twelve, also against my will, I am compelled to bother them again before I go to sleep, I am made to feel that I should have put my kidneys with my jewelry in the office safe before daring to take my room. If I want the electric fan, made necessary (at extra expense to me) because of a useless rubber sheet, across the room from me instead of where they have put it at the back of my already stiffened neck, I am being a dreadful nuisance and made to feel that really sick people need the nurses' time. But eventually, the chances are, I will come out of the hospital head up instead of feet first, and in plenty of time to be asked for a donation during their next annual drive, with which gifts they can take better care of some poverty stricken bootlegger's client who got mixed up with a policeman or an automobile on Saturday night.

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FOR SALE—COLORADO—One acre fruit tract; five-room brick house. Town six thousand, fifty miles north of Denver, foot of Rockies. R. M. DILL, General Motors Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

Connecticut

LAKE GEORGE, N. Y. Commodious 8-room cottage completely furnished, electric light, running water, 3 acres woodland, shore. Will rent for season. JAMES T. KEMP, Orange, Conn.

NORFOLK, CONNECTICUT—For Sale or rent, attractive summer home, with eight acres of land; house has three master bedrooms, each with bath; two sleeping porches, large living room, dining room, dining porch, three servant's rooms and bath; three-car garage with chauffeur's room; adjoins country club and golf links. Address E. C. HARTSHORNE, 1775 Broadway, New York City. Telephone Circle 7-7929.

FOR RENT—NORFOLK, CONNECTICUT, in the Berkshires, summer residence. Four master bedrooms, sleeping porch, three servants rooms, garage, tennis court, adjacent to Country and Golf Club. Available all or part of summer. 1735 Outlook and Independent.

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Maine

PEMAQUID HARBOR, MAINE COAST. Furnished cottages for rent, 2 to 8 rooms, $75 to $350, season. Tennis, Golf. E. WHITEHOUSE, 154 Central St., Somerville, Mass.

CAMDEN, MAINE. Furnished cottages for rent. Camden and vicinity. Let us know your needs. Most beautiful town in New England. See our new Park system. George E. Allen, Realtor.

TO LET—PEMAQUID HARBOR, MAINE Among the pines on the ocean—6 room bungalow—bathroom—fireplace—electricity. Also 2 room camp. J. B. FIELDING, 247 Chestnut Hill Ave., Brighton, Mass.

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FOR RENT

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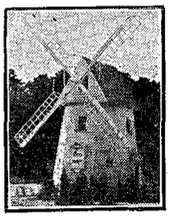
Massachusetts



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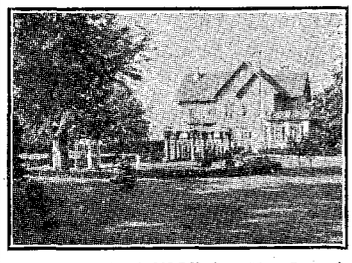

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With Our Readers

Astrology as an Exact Science

To the Editor: *Cambridge, Mass.*

SIR—Evangeline Adams, the stars—and OUTLOOK! You know, it's about time some one else was given the opportunity to say a few words on this subject of star-lore. There *are* people other than the good lady of Carnegie Hall who know something about it. Really! As your interviewer says, Miss Adams is the "foremost astrologer of the country," but only from the angle of bank accounts and publicity. "Astrology has become respectable" (and fashionable, which Allene Talmey omitted to mention) largely because 100 per cent Americans so love the dollar sign. It isn't because of the subject itself. Anything that costs (other people) $50 a half hour *must* be respectable.

It certainly is going to make serious students of this subject chuckle to be told that Miss Adams is "the strongest force for the regeneration of astrology as a science." Oh, yes, there actually *are* serious students of this subject, people with college educations, 'n everything. But none of them ever married publicity managers; nor are they satisfied to "describe the fortune of the next twenty-four hours so carefully that no matter what happens" they "predict it." Nor do they like "shimmering hazes" hanging over the "specific."

You see, these serious students are convinced that astrology isn't a mere "superstition"; that it really is something more than an "exploded science." They appreciate the fact that all the new things which science is discovering about light, vibrations, and the activity of cosmic rays, form links in a chain which some day will span the gulf which has yawned for so long between their science and the certainty of the ignorant that "stars way off there in space just can't have any effect on *us*." But it is this "shimmering haze over the specific" and this inability to "admit that black is black" which they hope to avoid. They are seeking for certainty, striving to pin tags upon events, and otherwise bring logic, reason, method and detail into the subject. It can be done, but the dear public knows little about it, and wouldn't understand it if they did. All it wants to know is whether or not Squidgee Preferred is going up ten points tomorrow, or whether the blond Apollo met at the dance last night is likely to propose . . .

True, Miss Adams has made the public "star-curious." She has, however, contributed little of worth or originality to the subject itself. Her books are largely "old stuff" in somewhat modern habiliments . . . Her syndicated articles and other written work contain errors that not even a novice in this subject would be likely to make. One of the most flagrant was the statement that the United States of America came strongly under Gemini because the sun was in that sign on the Fourth of July. On that date it is always in Cancer. Look it up in any almanac.

Anyone, even if they know no astrology, can tell that her "natal delineations" are multigraphed stuff. All they have to do is compare theirs with that of a friend or neighbor. Yet these are purported to be "individual" work based upon the native's full birth data. If two people happen to have the sun conjunct Uranus they both get the same delineation for this aspect, even though one has the configuration in Aries and the other in Aquarius. (This makes considerable difference in interpretation, even if you don't believe it!)

None of us who are serious students of this subject blame intelligent people for ridiculing astrology. We'd have small respect for their intelligence if they *didn't*, considering the stuff they hear about it. But they mustn't think it is all a lot of "hooey." There is much there worthy of investigation and research. In Europe some very scholarly work is being done by people who are adequately equipped to do it. It is this work, and not the vaporings coming from Carnegie Hall that is "the strongest force for the regeneration of astrology as a science."

ELSIE M. KENNISON.

Race Subjection

To the Editor: *Brooklyn*

SIR—I wish to thank you for the splendid article, "Vengeance on the Redskin." As a member of a race who is subjected to similar or worse treatment, I admire the courage, intellect and the liberal attitude of the author who so masterfully exposed the doings or the handling of the affairs of the Indian by the Bureau of Indian Affairs.

Although this problem of oppression and abuse is nothing new, I am sure if America possess any more men of Mr. Gessner's calibre (a man who made a thorough study of the Indian problems without jumping to conclusions as so many of our supposed intelligent white Americans do), this old problem of subjection because of the hue of one's skin will soon pass away.

JAMES A. REAVIS, JR.

Ladies and Super-Ladies

To the Editor: *Patchogue, N. Y.*

SIR—Might a mere woman be permitted to write a few words in disagreement with your contributor, Jerry Maxwell, on the subject of "Ladies and Super-Ladies"?

There is much in Miss Maxwell's article with which I heartily agree. She very skillfully draws the distinction between the attributes of a true lady and of pseudo ladies. But it seems to me that she makes some assumptions which are not only inaccurate in their implications, but which emphasize invidious comparisons which leave her quite clearly open to a charge of being a far greater snob than her fictitious "Super-Lady."

I believe that your readers will agree with me that those personal attributes which we commonly associate with instinctive and acquired refinement are by no means confined to women born to higher estate, either in the matter of culture or wealth. Doubtless it would not violate Miss Maxwell's concept of what constitutes a lady to define the term thus: A lady is a woman of gentle manners, instinctive refinement of feeling, having at all times careful regard for the rights and feelings of others. I submit that these characteristics are confined to women in no particular status of society. These are attributes of character which have nothing to do with the ability to speak correct English or to follow proscribed rules of conduct in formal society.

In the writer's doubtless limited experience, she has come in contact with women born of long generations of cultured folk, who were none the less destitute of the genuine attributes of ladyship. Gentle manners and refinement may be a veneer for unwholesomeness of inner spirit quite as much with the high born as with those of the most lowly origin. Many a woman born to culture and wealth conducts herself among her equals with all the graces that Miss Maxwell is pleased to ascribe to her real ladies, but within the confines of her own household displays qualities of despicable meanness in her relations with servants and members of the immediate family.

Finally, I can see no point to Miss Maxwell's rather sneering consideration of women who, though "not to the manner born," nevertheless make serious and sincere effort to acquire gentle manners and to so conduct themselves as to be pleasing and agreeable. Where there is failure to acquire refinement in its outward aspects, without ostentation or self-consciousness, there is lack of innate depth of character—a lack certainly not confined to women of any one station in life or circumstance.

E. LOUISE SLECHTA.

Principle vs. Expediency

To the Editor: *Charlottesville, Va.*

SIR—If democracy is to be sustained, and the merits of a journal to be measured by its independent attitude and fearless expressions on current national topics of vital interest to the public, the OUTLOOK'S prestige should be increased. Evasion, for political expediency, and to curry favor with a ruling minority is puerile and cowardly, and is nothing more or less than hypocrisy, selling a constituency. As Senator Wagner puts it: "There is no lasting cohesion except that of common faith in a significant principle."

There is no question about the wet and dry indelible line of demarcation in both national parties as they now stand, and the next election will be, not so much on party lines, as for repealing or sustaining the Eighteenth Amendment. Internationally, to strengthen our stand as a democracy, we should give due recognition to other self-governing peoples, no matter what their form of government, or whether they are diametrically opposed to our concepts of freedom and pursuits of happiness. Our attitude towards the new freedom of the Russians is arrogance pregnant with fear. Our national prestige can be maintained only through scientific and economic methods of production and distribution in competition on a reciprocal and friendly basis, or through brute militaristic force.

A. W. CARTER.

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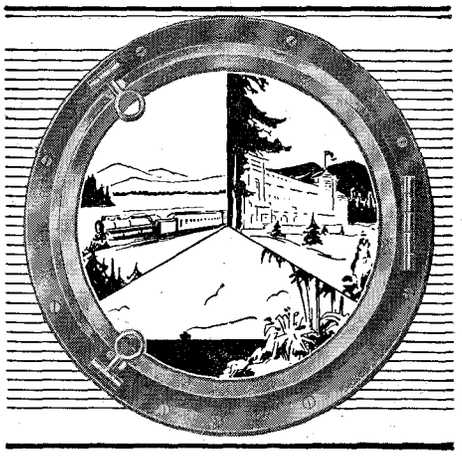

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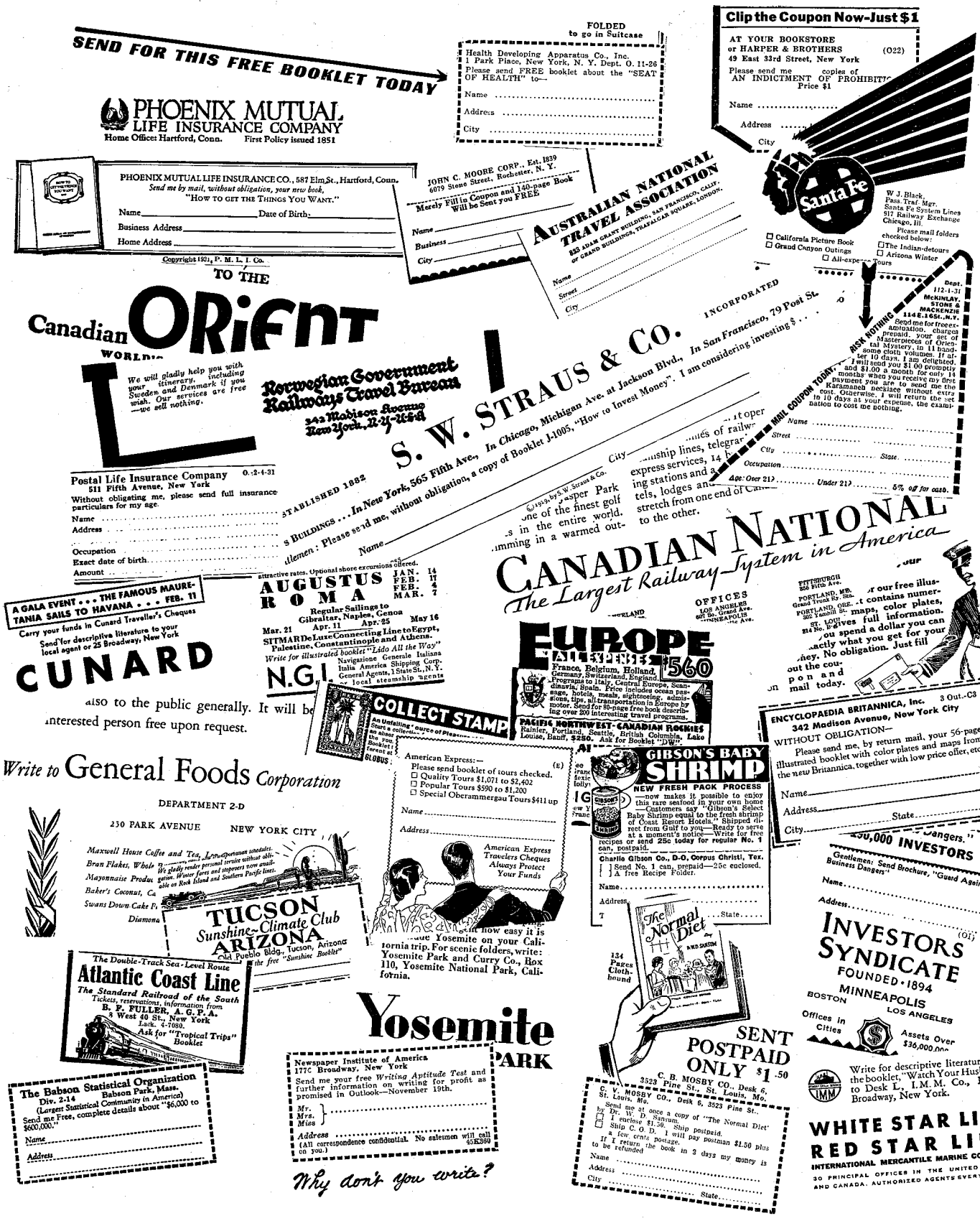
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